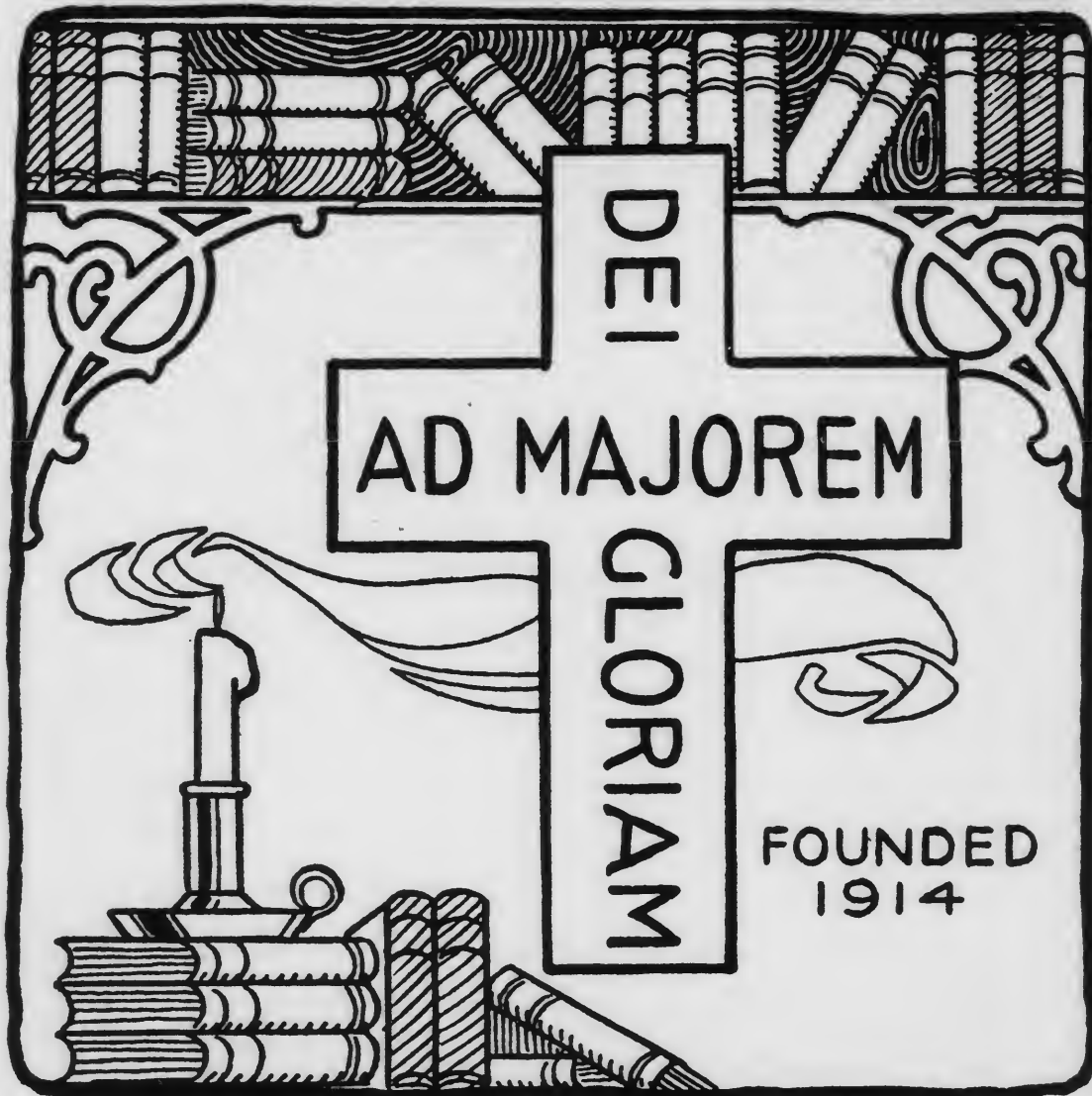


# School of Theology



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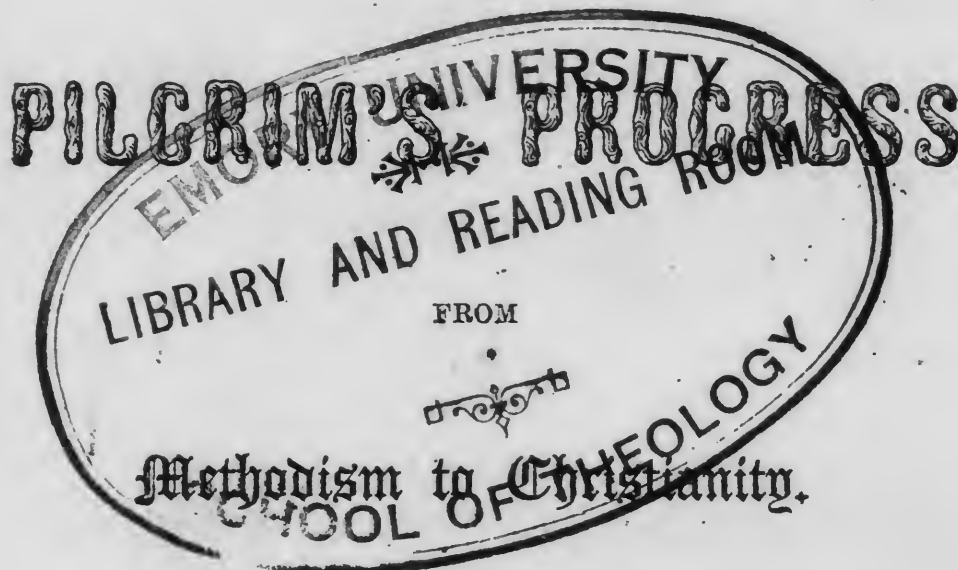
P5

Wes. 1614



THE

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"When a Man hears the call of Truth, and is ready to obey, he must set out without knowing whither he is led. No previous opinion should be exempted from the eventual demand of the Lord that calls us. We must not set any limits to our pilgrimage. We must ever be ready to sacrifice what we love; even Isaac, the only son, may be asked as a victim, and we must not refuse him."

JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE.

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1849.



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Wes. 1614

## DEDICATION.

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To the Rev. Robert Newton, D.D.,

President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference.

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REV. SIR,

You will hardly think it strange that a book containing the experience of one who was, for many years, a Methodist, is dedicated to you ; though it is scarcely possible, in the nature of things, that a man occupying your position, should read it with any other feeling than that of deep regret. It may do good, however, even to you ; a straw thrown into the air will indicate the current of the wind ; and if my little book should in the least influence you to adopt a more rational faith,

and a more disinterested and useful course of action, the author will be amply satisfied.

The present state of your connexion entitles you to sympathy. The zeal and energy which once carried your cause forward like a consuming fire, has extracted the vitals from your body, and left a gigantic framework which is falling to pieces of its own weight. Year after year you have to look on and see the vast edifice which you have raised slowly crumbling away; and it is only by special religious services, revivals, and days of special fasting and prayer, that you even hope to sustain it. As this seems to be a crisis in your history, when you will either rise to a higher position among the religious and philanthropic institutions of the world, or sink into insignificance and be lost among rival sects, to be found only on the pages of history; bear with me, I beseech you, while I point out some of the weak points of your system. It may be a means of enabling you to retrieve your declining cause, and of rendering yourselves entitled to the love and support of all good men.

Many of your people are surprised that Methodism does not prosper as it used to do. They give liberally

of their substance, and the connexion is rich. They build chapels, and they are in general pretty well attended, although not crowded as they used to be. They are constant in their attendance on the means of grace, and daily prayers are offered up for the prosperity of the cause. Your class-leaders attend regularly to their duties, of rebuke or exhortation, and they beseech the members to labour for the salvation of souls. Your prayer-leaders stretch out their hands to God for help, and wait the outpouring of the spirit. Your Sunday school teachers are constant in the discharge of their duties, and your tract distributors go from house to house dropping their silent messenger to speak for you in your absence. You have twenty thousand local preachers who are spending and being spent in the cause, and above one thousand itinerant ministers whose preaching is most orthodox and evangelical, and over all the Conference casts the halo of its genius, uniting and directing all to the same end; and yet, with all this, you have suffered a diminution of more than ten thousand members during the last two years. The word went forth, and it returned void;—you offered

up the prayer of faith, and it was not answered ;—you sought help of God, and sought in vain. Surely there is something rotten in the state of Methodism, or these things could not have happened.

Many will be offended when I tell you the reason of this ; but you must hear it. Truth is often unwelcome. Your fault is, you have not kept pace with the advancement of the times. Formerly the people sought you, because you walked first in the path of knowledge ; now they wait for you, and you remain behind.

During the last century a great change has taken place in the religious views and feelings of the people. When Whitefield, Welsh, Haime, and Nelson, declared ‘ the terrors of the Lord,’ men heard and trembled. When Wesley said that he saw poor sinners hanging as it were by a single hair, insensible of their danger, over the burning pit of hell, some of them cried out, as in the agonies of death, others were constrained to roar as out of the belly of hell, while others were seized with violent trembling all over. “ One fallen raving mad, changing color, fell off his chair, screamed terribly, beat himself against the ground, his breast

heaving as in the pangs of death, roaring out, 'O thou devil, legion of devils,'” etc. \* \* \* and when, “The Lord revealed himself to her,” (a little girl about seven years old) “in an amazing manner, for some hours she was so wrapped up in the spirit, that we knew not where she was, sinking to nothing in the discovery of his majesty and glory,” they were astonished, and when he cast out devils they believed, and became his disciples. But these things have changed; men no longer look upon the creation as groaning and travailing under the Adamic curse. Wesley and Fletcher, like Epictetus and Pliny, saw themselves surrounded by chaos, darkness; the confusion of elements and of planets; the air, fire, and water disputing with each other the dominion of the world, and leaving only to man his nakedness and misery. But to us the heavens and the earth are harmonised; everywhere the elements are called to their proper order;—the seasons to their proper change—the earth to yield its fruit in due season. To the chaos of the vegetable kingdom we have seen succeed a botanical geography, diffused over the

\* See Wesley's Third Journal, p. 46; *ibid*, p. 38.



earth from the equator to the poles, and forming around the globe a circle of corn for the nourishment of the human race. And we have ceased to weep at the heavens, and despair of the earth. From the yawning jaws of an eternal hell we have risen to meditations on the love of God, and from the miracle of an instantaneous conversion, to the daily recurring miracle of the Providence that watches over us, and counts the hairs of every head.

Our ideal of religion has also changed. Formerly religion was only for the soul, and

‘Nothing was worth a thought beneath,  
But how I may escape the death  
That never, never dies.’

Religion was locked up in the church or chapel, and taken care of like the parson's surplice and other pious garments, lest it should be soiled by being brought into contact with the world. The preaching, too, was essentially dogmatic, and one sect delivered over another to eternal destruction, with as little remorse as a bailiff would serve a writ upon an unfortunate debtor. All participation in politics or worldly

struggles was thought to be injurious to the soul; and pious men carried out the bloody enactments of a corrupt court as though they had been the ordinances of heaven. Wesley desires an army of Methodists, and Haime talks of the love of God being shed abroad in their hearts when cutting down the French like grass on the field of battle; and men went and raised their hands to God, still reeking with a brother's blood. Happily for us, these things are past. Religion is being estimated by its fruits, and we expect to find it in the daily walks of life, as well as at the communion table. Instead of the anathemas uttered over free grace and reprobation, we have an Evangelical Alliance. The war-spirit has given way to the doctrines of peace and league of universal brotherhood; hatred of the French to a love of humanity; the devotion of the sanctuary to efforts to rescue a brother from sin and sorrow. Religion is becoming a thing of life and action, and we estimate a man's love to God by his love to his neighbour. Professions of sanctity have been weighed in the balance and found wanting, and men are beginning to value them according to their worth.

Another thing in which you are in opposition to the spirit of the age, is in the general discipline of your body. The tendency of the age is to Liberalism or Democracy. The unity of the human race, and the unity of Christians, are not merely speculations; we are looking for them as *facts*. We are looking for the baptism of one spirit into one body, where there shall not be many masters, but all brethren. Now you meet this with the most absolute and irresponsible ecclesiastical despotism that ever existed. Like the catholic priesthood, your preachers are supreme and omnipresent,—they have a voice in every member's house, an eye in every member's breast, a hand in every member's pocket. A man must not change the place of his residence without a ticket of removal; he must not write a letter on the business of the connexion, on pain of expulsion; he must not marry, but to their liking; he must think by their standard, and speak according to their hornbook. He must take his ticket, pay for it, and go to heaven the way he is told, asking no questions, or he is excommunicated and stigmatised as a backslider. The pretended privileges and powers

of the class-leaders, etc., are a mockery and delusion ; liberty is not to be found within your borders. This has driven the liberal, hopeful, and enlightened from you ; and I know some of your Societies and Sunday schools without a young man in them.

How have you met this new state of things ? Have you taken advantage of the tide of affairs, and directed men to higher and nobler objects ? When the people cried for bread, and the law gave them a stone, did you as a body come to their help ? When the temperance advocates asked you to help them to rid the world of the curse of strong drink, did you not become a stumbling-block in the way ? When Douglass, the self-emancipated slave, came to solicit our sympathy for his brethren in bonds, did you not deny him your aid, and league with dealers in human flesh and blood ? When the people asked for knowledge, did you not give them devotion ? When Burritt asked you to join in a league of universal brotherhood, did you give him the right hand of fellowship ? When Emerson, one of the purest and most philosophic spirits of this age, came among us, did you not stigmatize him as an in-

fidel ? Society has advanced, while you have merely walked round the pillar of your divinity.

The efforts which you are making to revive your cause, are equally mistaken. Religion is goodness, and a revival of goodness is a revival of religion. One would suppose, therefore, if religion were dead, or dying, or asleep, or faint, that you would call a meeting to enquire into the cause of it ; and if it were found that charity was drooping, that brotherly kindness was faint, and that love was dead ; that there were some people around you ignorant and others destitute, some afflicted and others tormented, some sick, and others in prison ; and that, while this was passing around you, your church had been at rest, and partiality and hypocrisy were creeping in among you ; that the upper seats and good places of your synagogues were reserved for the rich, and the poor put in cold or uncomfortable corners ; that your preachers were more frequently found in the saloons of the wealthy than in the house of sorrow or the hovels of poverty ; that humanity was being crucified between pride and selfishness ; then, if you wished for

a revival of pure and undefiled religion, that you would call your church together, and set out on a mission to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction.

One would suppose that the rich would bring their superfluities to feed the hungry and clothe the naked ; that the wise would bring their knowledge, and instruct the ignorant ; that you would seek out the suffering and the tempted. This would really be a revival of religion. But, instead of this, what do you ? You proclaim a fast, hold special prayer meetings, and put on a more than ordinary degree of sadness. Well might Isaiah ask 'Is it such a fast that I approve of ? A man to afflict his soul for a day ? Is it to bow down his head as a bulrush, and to spread sackcloth and ashes under him ? Wilt thou call this a fast, and an acceptable day unto the Lord ? Is not this the fast that I approve of, to loose the bonds of injustice, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and to break every yoke ? Is it not to deal out thy bread to the hungry, and to bring the wandering poor to thy house ; when thou seest the naked to cover him, and not to hide thyself from thine own flesh.' Isa. lviii, 5, 6, 7.



Seven years since there were great revivals both in England and America; and as you are seeking to recall this state of things, it may not be amiss if we glance at the means employed to 'get up' those revivals, as well as the results which followed.

The following are portions of the prayer and sermon of Elder Swan, the great American revivalist, and were delivered at Concord, Massachusetts, during the great revival of 1842. The first extract is from the public prayer :—

'God Almighty ! uncover the pit of hell, and show these  
'Christless, ungodly diabolians, all the Universalists that have  
'gone to hell from this city for the last ten years. Let them  
'see them gnaw their chains, and howl ! Hang up the ghosts  
'of hell in their bed-chambers ! Haunt them by night and by  
'day ! Stave them up ! God Almighty, stave them up !'

The following are portions of the sermon :—

'How many real Holy Ghost christians do you think there is  
'in this city ? Very few ; very few. We'll come into this  
'church, and there is a few ; we have heard from them. Go into  
'the Presbyterian church, and, perhaps, there may be a few ;  
'the Episcopalians, they are worse, if possible, than the Uni-  
'versalists. They will all land in hell, every one of them,

‘Universalists and all ! no mistake ! the devil is sure to have  
 ‘the whole of them. I never saw so much Holy Ghost praying  
 ‘in a place in my life, as I have seen here in this house, with so  
 ‘little effect—something is in the way ! What is it ? God Al-  
 ‘mighty search them out ; and if it is some of the members of this  
 ‘church that stand in the way, God Almighty stave them up !  
 ‘bring them out ! get the church right, and, I tell you, you’ll  
 ‘see such a revival here as New London never witnessed before !  
 ‘I feel it ! no mistake ! Mark my words ! you will see before  
 ‘Elder Swan goes ! I’ll give the sinners in New London the  
 ‘credit of having the most buckram in them of any set of sin-  
 ‘ners I ever knew ! you’re good stuff ! no mistake.

‘I went into a little village up west, and held a protracted  
 ‘meeting. There was an Episcopalian that rang the Devil’s bell  
 ‘a little the best that I ever heard it rung in my life. I tell ye,  
 ‘little Bacchus Bailey couldn’t begin. Well, they got up a dance  
 ‘within a rod and a half of the meeting-house. Presbyterians,  
 ‘Episcopalians, Universalists, and all, they got one of the Devil’s  
 ‘little fiddlers, and they fiddled and danced all night. Well, I  
 ‘went to work, and stove them all up. God Almighty sent down  
 ‘the Holy Ghost, and I had the pleasure of giving the right hand  
 ‘of fellowship to one hundred good, square Baptists in one day.

‘I knew a Universalist once in my country. He is in hell now.  
 ‘He died ; and they sent for Elder Swan to come and preach  
 ‘his funeral sermon. Well, I went, preached it, and I told them  
 ‘he was in hell ; and, if God Almighty’s Bible was true, unless

‘they repented, they’d all go there with them. Well, the next  
 ‘time one of the family died, they did not send for Elder Swan  
 —he was too plain. So they sent for a little Methodist. Well,  
 ‘he gave it them first-rate, I tell you. They got it worse  
 ‘than Elder Swan gave it to them. ‘[Looking up to the  
 ‘gallery]—Grin ! you Christless Ishmaelites, grin ! You can’t  
 ‘grin Elder Swan out of countenance !

‘What is the reason that these iceberg establishments in this  
 ‘city [referring to all other denominations than the old  
 ‘Baptists] don’t convert souls ? I tell you it is because they  
 ‘ha’n’t got the hang of God Almighty’s kingdom. They ha’n’t  
 ‘got the hang on’t—don’t you see ? [‘Yes !’ by the brethren.]

‘[Looking at a young man who smiled]—Laugh ! you Christ-  
 ‘less, ungodly diabolian, laugh ! God Almighty will make you  
 ‘laugh t’other side of your mouth when you get in hell. He  
 ‘will put your face on canvass, sir, where you can see plainer  
 ‘than you can in a looking-glass—no mistake about it. I recol-  
 ‘lect an old grey-headed Universalist I met up west : I’d as soon  
 ‘meet nineteen Algerines, sixteen pirates, and the Devil, as  
 ‘meet one of them. A Universalist God is just the size of any  
 ‘Universalist !—about the size of old Hosea Ballou or little  
 ‘Bacchus Bailey.

‘I recollect an old man in my country crawled into the church  
 ‘just before he went to hell. He had not a single son on God  
 ‘Almighty’s footstool, but what would have skin’d the Devil every  
 ‘day, if they could have sold his skin for sixpence ! He gave all  
 ‘his property to his sons ; and when called on to do anything

‘for God, he would say, ‘I have dispossessed myself of all my property.’ But God Almighty would not let him die all at once; so He killed him half at a time!—He struck him with the palsy! This is serious business, trifling with God Almighty. I tell you. Look out!’

You will perhaps object that this was American Revivalism, and that things are better with us. But all who are acquainted with revivals in England know that they are the same; and that Elders Knapp, Swan, and Caughey, of America, may find their exact counterparts in a Billy Dawson and Squire Brook of this country. The same rant and cant, the same liberality in dispensing the pains and penalties of eternal damnation, and the same vaunting of spiritual attainments, characterize both parties. And there are no extravagances of the one which may not find a parallel in the other.

And the fruits of their labours are the same. At the camp-meetings of the Americans, souls were being saved in the centre, and slaves sold at the circumference. And the revivalist whom Frederick Douglass saw whipping a woman until the red blood ran down her naked back, and quoting scripture at every lash, saying, ‘the slave

that knoweth his master's will, and doeth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes,' has his counterpart in an English revivalist, that I once knew; who, after holding a protracted meeting, and getting many souls into liberty, went home and horsewhipped his wife (who was an amiable woman) in a most brutal and unmerciful manner. The fruits of revivals are the same all the world over. Men may be converted to Methodism or any other *ism* by them; but very few are either wiser or better for their conversion.

The evils which these revivals do you is very great. The finances of your church become low; and your preachers and principal men resolve themselves into a committee of ways and means. A revival is fixed upon as the most profitable speculation. Special services and protracted meetings are held; but if these should fail, some noisy preacher who has had a glimpse of hell and can describe with horrible accuracy the torments of the damned, is engaged for the job; and he discharges his infernal bombshells, until some soul is frightened and calls aloud for mercy. You then, with blasphemous arrogance, declare that God hath poured out his Spirit

and revived his work! It is this irrational profanation of sacred things which has made all rational men despise you; and it has blinded your own eyes to the absurdity of your practices.

But these revivals have had their day, and have ceased to be successful. Where now are the hundreds who were brought in under the ministry of Caughey? You look for them in your chapels, and how few are there! Week after week you have had special religious services, and have tried to get up revivals, but you have failed. You may perhaps get some Squire Brook, to make a noise for a time; but the excitement will soon pass away before the intelligence of the age, like the morning dew before the rising sun, and leave you in a worse position than you are at present. If you continue this system, I venture to predict, that, instead of counting your loss by thousands, like your brethren in America, you will count them by tens of thousands—except you resort to the same trick which they have adopted, and retain the names of those who are not *bonâ fide* members of your society.

You have yet one more reaction to encounter:—the



reaction of the voluntary principle. Already you are beginning to feel it. The rich give freely; but the pence of the poor have considerably diminished. With all your wealth, this will one day put you into difficulties. It is thus that your extravagance falls on your own heads. The reaction of your tyranny has driven men to ultra-democracy. The reaction of your fanaticism has been ultra-rationalism: the reaction of your implicit faith, theological impiety; and the reaction of your successful begging will be poverty and embarrassment.

You will perceive that the Pilgrim's Progress is designed to show the influence which your system had upon a young and ardent mind, when fully resigned to its influence. If occasionally I have had to reveal painful and disgusting scenes, I have done it under a sense of duty, and not from any morbid desire to dwell upon that which is objectionable. I wish to take off the Pharisee's cloak, remove his phylacteries and the borders of his garments, and show the inward as well as the outward workings of your body. I believe the authors of the 'Fly Sheets' (No. 4) have spoken the truth when they

say '*your whole head is sick, and your whole heart faint*;' and my conviction of this is so strong, that I believe that he who shall break down your whole system and scatter it to the winds, will do God service: 'Yea, happy shall he be who shall dash thy little ones against the stones.'—Psalm cxxxvii. 9.

My chief design has been to show, that it is not in sects and creeds, nor in conversions and ecstasies, that the purest and highest Christianity is to be found. That I sought it earnestly with you;—that I passed through all the stages of grace, as recommended by your books and professed by your people;—that I had plenty of *religiousness*, but that I had to come out from among you, like Abraham from the land of the Chaldees, going I knew not whither, before I learned that there is a Spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding:—Then saw I the more excellent way.

In conclusion, allow me to say, that I have come out of Methodism from no wounded ambition or mortified pride. I had in it more honour than I desired, and I left it with a deep and lasting respect for many who

remained. But it was a prison to my soul ; and I desire that all who are enslaved as I was, may be delivered also. The priestcraft and tyranny of your body are utterly incompatible with the purer and higher phases of Christian faith and practice ; for, 'WHERE THE SPIRIT OF THE LORD IS, THERE IS LIBERTY.'

I am,

Rev. Sir,

Faithfully yours,


THE PILGRIM.

## CHAPTER I.

---

CONTAINING SOME THINGS WHICH HAPPENED IN 1820.

---

HE parish of Lascells was, at this time, the seat of one of those little events which so often produce great things. Methodism had been introduced to it many years before, and though the people of God were not many, yet most of the little flock were rich in grace. Among the few who had passed from death unto life was W. O'Bryan, a young man who had 'a call to go out and invite sinners to flee from the wrath to come.' The majority of the faithful, however, thought otherwise, and condemned his gifts and graces to inaction. This Mr. O'Bryan could not submit to, and believing that a dispensation of the gospel was committed unto him, he went down to Bush, a village

about two miles from his own house, and began to declare it.

Contrary to the expectation of both friends and foes, Mr. O'Bryan had a revival, and a gracious outpouring of the spirit took place for miles around; several opened their houses as preaching places, and within twelve months there were many hundreds converted to the faith.

Among those who were called to the work of the ministry was John Davy, who, from his friendly and familiar intercourse with the people, was known as 'Uncle John.' He generally had a revival wherever he went, and after laboring for some time with great success in Poundstock and Jacobstow, he entered St. G——, and preached with similar success there. And here commences my acquaintance with the Bryanites, Revivalists, and Uncle John.

Uncle John was 'a man with a presence; had a great deal of flesh, regular and somewhat handsome features, a glossy and sparkling eye, and a very powerful voice. His preaching varied; at one time animated, at another terrific; and so alarming were some of his appeals, that many on hearing them fell to the ground, and roared with anguish.

Not far from my father's house lived a new married

couple, whose honeymoon had set in the blackness of conjugal infelicity. Mary had returned to her paternal roof, and Thomas relapsed again into the solitary state of second batchelorship. Just at this time Uncle John began to preach in the neighbourhood, and many seals were added to his ministry; and, among others, the rosy cheeks of Mary were wet with the tears of penitence.

It was announced that Uncle John would preach at Ballhead, and Thomas resolved to form one of the congregation. He trembled, and his eye glistened with tears under the soul-searching sermon; still our impression is, that he would have resisted the 'call,' if at this moment, Mary, who had been earnestly engaged in prayer for his conversion, had not believed her prayers to have been answered, and turning to her half convinced husband, she imprinted a gentle kiss on his hand. As when some tender spring has been closed with ice, and the first warm rays of the sun dissolve its fetters and let the waters flow pure and unimpeded, so did the tear of penitence and kiss of affection dissolve the anger of Thomas. He fell on the floor with her, a reconciled husband and a convinced sinner!

Thomas was not long in the pangs of 'the new



birth ;' his deliverance was as sudden as his conversion had been singular. He wept, groaned, and prayed ; but by the instructions of Uncle John, and especially by the affectionate and faithful exhortations of Mary, he was enabled to step into 'liberty,' and Mary and he returned to their humble cottage no longer the children of wrath, but of grace.

The zeal of young converts is proverbial ; and Thomas and Mary being willing to show their interest in the good cause, opened their house for a preaching place ; and the first time I had an opportunity of attending, Uncle John was the preacher. He gave us a sermon as varied as the colors of the dying dolphin. His voice at times sunk into a whisper, and then rose almost to thunder. At one moment his teeth chattered, and his whole frame appeared convulsed as he spoke of the despairing anguish of the damned, and then he would rise into raptures in describing the joys of heaven ; and in the midst of his rhapsody he would burst out into singing,—

"I am bound for the kingdom,  
Will you go to glory with me,  
And sing Hallelujah to God and the Lamb."

Cries of ' Yes, I'll go ;' ' Glory be to God,' ' Amen.'

‘Drive the devil to hell;’ ‘Hallelujah,’ ‘Hallelujah,’ etc., burst from the lips of the faithful, accompanied with sighs, tears, groans, prayers, and shouts, until the preacher’s voice was entirely drowned in the general clamour.

This very interesting scene was interrupted by a loud shriek from one corner of the room, and on directing my eyes thither, I perceived that poor Maria had fallen to the ground, crying aloud for ‘mercy.’ There was a great deal of confusion in the room at this time. A company gathered round Maria, some praying, some singing, others crying, shouting, and exhorting, until the stentorian voice of Uncle John rose above all the rest, with, ‘shake her over the pit of hell, Lord, but don’t let her drop in.’ This was repeated several times, amid exhortations to believe, exercise faith, etc.

One of the party now commenced singing—

“Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,  
Come to Jesus, just now;  
He will save you, he will save you,  
He will save you, just now.  
I believe it, I believe it,  
I believe it, just now, just now, just now.”

At this moment, Maria, who had been silent for

some time, shouted as loud as she could scream, 'Glory be to God, glory, glory, glory!' 'Praise the Lord,' shouted a host of others. 'Drive the devil to hell,' responded Uncle John. 'Amen,' cried a dozen voices at once. 'The Lord's here, I feel him,' said Old Will Sandercock. 'Hold fast, brother,' said Uncle John. 'Hallelujah!' shouted the rest. How long this scene might have continued I know not, if the following incident had not quenched the spirit:—

A graceless youth who had come to the meeting with no good intent, stood watching the proceedings very earnestly for some time, until Sarah, an interesting girl of eighteen, who was so full of the spirit that she would often dance until she could no longer stand, and then fall on the floor and wallow and shout for a long time, was so enraptured at Maria's deliverance, that she did not dance long, but soon fell to the ground, shouting 'glory, glory, glory, glory.' At this moment Moyse followed her example; and as one of the candles had gone out, and the other burnt dim, the two were on the floor for some minutes without any one noticing them. At this moment the spirit appeared to leave Sarah, and she rose and said to her father in a rather hasty manner, 'that's a bad man, father.' 'O no! he's brought to the Lord, my

dear,' replied the old man. 'No,' said the girl, 'he has insulted me,'\* This moved the old saint like an electrifying machine, and the words were scarcely out of Sarah's mouth when the old man laid hold of the poker, and threatened to punish the carnal hell-born sinner if he did not withdraw. The young man left, and the spirit of the meeting with him, and about half-past nine my eyes were again blessed with the pale rays of the declining moon.

I was too young to profit much by these very edifying means. The only practical idea which I derived from them was, that I could have a revival too. And accordingly my brother and self, being of the respective ages of seven and nine, held our first and last Revival Meeting under the garden hedge. Our formula was very simple, being composed of the following: my brother taking the lead.

'Glory be to God.'

'Amen.'

'The Lord save the Old Will Bone.'

'And the devil take the Old Nan.'

\* The reader may perhaps imagine that such scenes as these are overdrawn, but I pledge myself to keep to veritable facts. In doing this, however, I wish as distinctly to state, that no morbid delicacy shall prevent me from publishing what I have seen.

Nan, by the bye, was the wife of Will, and I suppose my antipathy to her must have arisen from the circumstance of my always being taught to consider her a *witch*. But my sister, who was a rigid Methodist, overhearing us, we were threatened with a severe flogging if we were ever known to mimic the saints again. It is almost needless to say, that this salutary threat had its desired effect on my mind, and with this good deed I shall close the first chapter of my pilgrimage.

## CHAPTER II.

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BEING A CONTINUATION OF THE THINGS SPOKEN OF IN  
THE LAST.

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**T**HOSE acquainted with the history of revivals, know that they are seldom long in one place. Like a cloud of locusts, they overshadow and absorb everything for a time, and then pass on to some other locality. Revivalist preachers are hired, or protracted meetings held, to get up the steam, and having blown the fire of hell until some one is frightened with its glare, and cries aloud for mercy to save him from falling into it, they then declare the revival to be commenced. As many as can be brought to take part in it attend the chapel every evening, and sometimes during the day as well, and by praying, singing,



shouting, and exhorting, contrive to keep up the most indescribable scene of confusion ever witnessed upon earth. The revival we spoke of in the last chapter took this course ; for after a fortnight's excitement in the house of Thomas and Mary, it broke out in a village about two miles from thence. But before we follow it to this locality, we must mention a few of those very active labourers who took a part in its promotion.

It was about this time that Thomas Jago was called to proclaim the word, and as the revival was still spreading, he had plenty of work. The great misfortune in Thomas's craniological development, was a superabundance of self-esteem. He was an unsparing rebuker of sin, particularly pride and laughing; and his sermons had that go-to-the-devil daring about them, which often alarmed the more timid portion of his hearers. An instance of this occurred at Tregole: Thomas, in a voice of thunder, delivered himself of a most terrific oration, and concluded in the following manner:—‘I call heaven and earth to witness, that I have set life and death before you; and remember, if you do not repent, I shall be a swift witness against you in the day of judgment.’ ‘I think,’ remarked an old dame, as she left the room, ‘I never will go

hear the old rogue any more, for nobody knows what he will say when he comes forward there.'

Thomas English was another of those very noisy and active preachers who do so much in promoting revivals. He was certainly the most red-hot preacher I ever knew, and very well deserved the appellation of 'Hell-fire Tom.' He always declared his mission to be to preach salvation, but his preaching was seldom anything else but damnation. What old Mrs. Bone, in her capacity of witch, might have to do with his infernal majesty, I know not; but this I do know, that of all the revivals I have ever witnessed, the devil and his den have been the grand means of accomplishing them. Just imagine, then, a man about thirty years of age, thin face, grey staring eyes, a low forehead, with the hair combed straight over it, mounted on a three-legged stool, in a thatched cottage, surrounded by half-a-dozen young girls, nine young clod-hoppers, and about twenty peasants in fustian jackets; the old women rocking and lifting up their eyes, the girls screaming, the lads weeping, and the peasants groaning, while the preacher on his three-legged rostrum, is grinning hell and damnation over the whole; telling them of dwelling with devouring fire, bearing everlasting burning, roasting on the devil's spit, broiling

on his gridiron, being pitched about with his fork, drinking the liquid fire, breathing the brimstone fumes, drowning in a red-hot sea, lying on fiery beds, *living* an eternal *death*, and you have a true picture of Tom English and his audience, when he preached his first sermon at Hill; the only exception was, that a few graceless wags went to see what was going on, and to enjoy the fun. The preacher, however, did not spare them; his address was as follows :—‘There are a parcel of poor proud parish fops, that dress themselves up in clothes, that anybody can’t know them from those that have four or five hundred pounds for their fortune; and when they have one suit of clothes they are not content until they have four or five suits of clothes, and a pair of boots; but there—I’ll tell ’e what ’tis—you must turn or burn; and if you don’t, you’ll go to hell and be damned, every one of you. And there they go to preaching, and go and tell what the preachers said; and then they say, he’s a good meaning man, but he told up some rum stuff, put the cart afore the horse, etc. But I tell ’e what ’tis, if you don’t turn you’ll be damned in hell, every one of you.’

A lovefeast was held after this very edifying service. The Methodists had been in the habit of excluding all the ungodly from their class meetings and love-

feasts. This, however, our saint scorned. 'Glory be to God,' they had no shame or fear of either men or devils, and they could tell what the Lord had done for them, whoever was there ; and the preacher declared, if there were as many devils as bricks in the house, he did not care, for he resolved to have a blessing before they parted. Yet in spite of all this, the meeting was spiritless. The bread and the water went round, and the dullness still continued. An ominous silence, broken only by a few groans, succeeded ; when T. Jago said, 'Come, Maria, are you afraid to speak?' 'No, bless the Lord, I fear neither man, God, nor devil!' 'Oh ! Maria, you should not say that, you should say I fear neither man nor devil.' 'No more I don't, glory be to God, I fear neither man, God, nor devil,' answered the faithful Maria. A laugh from the unconverted, and a groan from the believers, followed this pertinacious reply, and the meeting relapsed again into its previous dullness. The preacher now rose, and declared that he knew the devil *was* in the room, and he was determined to drive him out ; and having doffed his coat, he commenced a chase after the old serpent round the room. The chase terminated in the preacher's declaration, that he had him buried under the hearthstone, and stamping on

him, he shouted and praised God for the victory. Maria now prayed; and the whole breathing of her soul was for sin-killing, soul-saving, hell-conquering, devil-driving faith; after which the meeting became more spirited.

S. Pearn now said, 'I wish Jesus Christ would come down through the roof of the house, we would pay for it mending again.'

W. French rose and said, 'I have had the devil upon my back as heavy as a sack of wheat ever since I've been in the meeting, until sister Maria prayed, but now, bless the Lord, my soul is set at liberty.'

Sarah now commenced a dance. 'Give her room, give her room,' said the preacher; which request being complied with, she danced for several minutes.

The crowning experience of the evening, however, was that of old W. Sandercock. 'I have,' said he, 'had many conflicts with the old enemy of late; but, bless the Lord, I've always had the victory. (Cries of hallelujah.) I fought him all the way from Benny to High Gate one day, when I saw the old devil go over the hedge. And as I was coming home the other day from Pengool, to work, I had another combat with him; and I overcame and killed him, and having my maddock with me, I buried him there. And now, if

any body can speak a better experience than that, let him go on.'


It is needless to say that no one disputed the palm with the old saint ; and after a great deal of singing, praying, shouting, and talking, the meeting separated. The only thing worth recording being, that on leaving the house Sarah saw the devil sitting on the garden gate, and, without a moment's hesitation, struck at him with her umbrella, with intent, no doubt, to do him some grievous bodily harm. And with this very interesting action, in one who was so young, handsome, and valiant for the faith, I shall close my second chapter.

## CHAPTER III.

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CONTAINS SOME THINGS WHICH HAPPENED THAT NEVER  
OUGHT TO HAVE HAPPENED.

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“HAT possession is,” says the pious and erudite Baxter, “and how the devils are confined to a body, or whether circumscribed there in whole or in part, are things beyond my reach to know; but that the strange effects which we have seen on some bodies are the products of the special power of the devil there, I doubt not.” And this we fear, kind reader, will be thy feeling before we get through this chapter. But alas! there is no hope, save to tell the truth and shame the devil out of his proceedings. So to our story. The reader has no doubt been alarmed at the absence of Uncle John from a scene where he might have been so useful as that spoken of in the last chapter; and



as we are bound to veritable facts, we must now account for the omission.

Thou must know then—though it grieve thee to know it—That Thomas and Mary, although rich in grace, were poor in purse, and that they had but one bed. Uncle John must of course be provided for. And as no one else offered him a bed, Thomas proposed that he should sleep down in the house. and they provided for him as comfortably as their means would allow of, Mary and John being willing, they all retired to bed.

O that my head were waters and mine eyes fountains of tears! O sin, why art thou so deceitful? Why dost thou mix thy gall with the honey of humanity? Why hide thyself in the golden apples of virtue? Why seek thy candidates for hell on the very highways of heaven? But so it is: the ungodly stand still and are taken without effort, and the sanctified fly from thee, and lo, thou breakest their wings! But to our history. Thomas had full confidence in Uncle John, and therefore rose early in the morning and went to his work, leaving Mary and John behind. This, however, is all we know, except that Mary fell from grace—that Uncle John desisted from preaching, and went—we know not where; and that Thomas, although he never believed a word of the scandal, yet returned

with Mary to the beggarly elements of the world. The whole three made shipwreck of faith and a good conscience.

The reaction which always follows a revival had now fairly set in, and many returned again like the dog to his vomit. But above all, as if the devil had some revenge for the insults which he had received during the revival, the pillars and ministers of the church suffered by his attacks. T. English, who had so often resisted the devil and caused him to flee from him, was at last induced to swallow the old imp in a glass of grog. He fell several times in this manner, and endeavoured to get up and walk again, until at last he took to the tap-room instead of the preaching house to shout in, and became a confirmed, filthy, and brutish sot.

But above all, Maria,—poor Maria—thy melancholy story thou must relate it thyself, in the very words in which it was given to me about five years after the sad events contained in it happened :—“ During the revival I very often prayed, and sometimes gave a word of exhortation, and it was thought I had a very good gift, so that I was often requested to attend meetings, and generally went. W. French always went with me; he had a very great gift in prayer, and was one of the most useful men in getting young converts into

liberty. When the great revival was at Sparrat, in 1825, we had to return home together every Evening, and in coming over the down one night, about half-past eleven, he began with me." Here Maria raised the corner of her apron to catch her falling tears, and with thy permission, kind reader, we will drop a paragraph.

"We had not been in Devonport above a fortnight, when I was confined, and the very next day the constable of D——— came and took W. French. His wife and family had become chargeable to the parish, and they had issued a warrant for his apprehension. I was thus left alone in a strange town, and thirty miles from home. I returned as soon as I could, with a broken heart and ruined character; and with a little help from the parish, I have contrived hitherto to maintain myself and child."

I have only to inform the reader that J. S———, for special reasons, absconded for a time, and returned again to live a drunkard with his family,—that S. Pearn shook the devil off his own back and on to that of his creditors, by becoming a bankrupt,—and that Sarah, the charming Sarah, was still able to dance and shout, but instead of going through these exercises in obedience to the spirit, she did so for the amusement of her companions, and was as gay a little romps as I have

ever seen ; and, for the present, take my leave of the backsliders.

The only saint of any note who held his ground, was T. Jago. Like one of those pillars which Josephus tells us survived the flood, and retained unhurt the history of a former world graven upon its sides ; so when the enemy rushed in like a flood, Thomas maintained his profession. When others complained of the assault of the powers of darkness, and cried out with Wesley.

“From thrones of glory driven,  
By flaming vengeance hurl'd ;  
They throng the air—they darken heaven,  
And rule this lower world ”—

Thomas snapt his fingers at the whole of them. His garment had been washed and made white, and not one of them could soil it with his smutty paws. But his own account of the matter is the best :—“It is only a waste of powder and shot,” said he, “for Satan to try to shoot me. He cannot hit either running or flying ; and as I never stand still, I bid him defiance.”

The reader, like myself, will breathe more freely now that we have got safely over this chapter : and with his permission I will here close it.

## CHAPTER IV.

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SHORT AND DARK.

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HAVING devoted the former chapters of my pilgrimage to those who carried the palm of sanctity in the religious element by which I was surrounded, I shall now devote a chapter or two to the moral and social habits of my acquaintances; and in doing so I may hint that my situation was fortunate or unfortunate, just as the reader may please to call it, being surrounded by a class of persons sufficient for all moral or immoral purposes. Thus, for instance, Will Thomas was the greatest liar; old R. Trivney the greatest swearer; Moll Bookham the greatest beast; Will King the greatest fool; the Rev. J. Dymond, minister of the parish, the greatest rogue; old Mr. N—— the greatest glutton; and it would have

puzzled Solomon himself to have told who was the greatest drunkard.

Drunkenness was certainly the characteristic sin of the parish ; and were to give anything like a general history of all the misery which it produced, I should fill a volume on this subject alone.

The richest man in the parish was John C—— Esq., He had many of the qualities of the old English gentleman, and was a real venerable specimen of humanity. He was old and full of days. His possessions were large, and his sons were three of the finest young men in that county. At the time I am speaking of he must have been about eighty years of age, and his grey hairs were a crown of glory. One dark cloud, however obscured his declining sun : his sons were all drunkards. John, the eldest, was a confirmed debauchee ; and William and Richard were treading in his footsteps.

The last time I saw John he was a dying sot : his bloodshot eyes had sunk into their sockets ; his once bloated body appeared to be collapsing ; the ashy paleness of death was engraven on his cheeks, and haggard, ghastly, and guilty, he was fading into a gloomy eternity. About a fortnight after, his venerable father was seen standing by the grave of his first-born son, and



with clasped hands exclaiming, "O John, my son, my son, would to God I could have died for thee." The days of his pilgrimage were now few, but he was not suffered to depart without another trial: his second son, William, had been to a market town a few miles distant, and was returning in a state of intoxication; the horse started and threw him off, and the injuries he received were so severe, that within ten days he was a corpse. The old man, ripe with age, and oppressed by sorrow, did not long survive; and within two years the father was laid with his two sons, whose drunkenness had sent them to premature graves, leaving one tipling son to mourn his loss.

Christmas, however, was the time to witness the guzzling propensities of those people. The Spartans are said to have made their slaves drunk, for the purpose of disgusting their children with the odiousness of the vice; and this was precisely the effect which these periodical exhibitions had upon me. Crammed with beef and deranged with beer, I have seen them drawling out christmas hymns, ever and anon mingling with them the laugh of the hyena, or the most vulgar oaths. I have heard some people speak in praise of these feasts; but for my part I can never admire gormandizing. I have already given an in-



stance or two of the fatal effects of drinking, and shall here add one or two more that happened in my own family.

E—— was a jolly country farmer, who took great delight in his glass; and as he lived on his own estate, he could afford to indulge in his favourite propensity. He had been to a friend's house spending the evening and was returning in a state of intoxication. Just before he reached home, however, he fell from his horse and received such injuries, that he survived them only a few days. He left only one child, a daughter, who was at that time the most amiable creature with whom I was acquainted. She was not handsome, but her countenance was brightened by a benevolent smile; her actions were all so kind, and the hallow of religious feeling so shone in her, without cant or hypocrisy, as to make her, in my estimation the most amiable of women.

At the age of twenty-four she married the only son of a rich farmer, who was in every respect worthy of her. The first years of their marriage were passed in the most happy manner; nor was it until Mr. Smith was reckoned amongst the drunkards, that their conjugal felicity was disturbed. His constitution, however, was not such as could stand for any time the fiery trial

of intemperance ; and ten years after his marriage, diseased and besotted, he suddenly expired.

Many were the tears that were shed over the grave of one who was so highly respected, but to me a circumstance still more melancholy attended his funeral : will it be believed, that the woman who ten short years before was adorned with every virtue, who lived, moved, and had her being in goodness, now staggered to her husband's grave, a confirmed, bloated, and disgraceful sot. In addition to the miseries of intemperance, the deadly dregs of jealousy had been mingled in her cup of life. She did not long survive her husband ; her life was consumed by the ' liquid fire ; ' and unwept and unhonoured, my once lovely cousin was consigned to a premature grave. But I grow sick of recalling those revolting scenes, and will here close them

## CHAPTER V.

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### RETROSPECTIVE AND PROSPECTIVE.

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HINTED in the commencement of the last chapter, that I was surrounded by persons sufficient for all moral or immoral purposes, and before I proceed I shall take a brief survey of the moral and religious influences to which I was subjected from the years 1823 to 1833, the time at which I intend to commence my SPIRITUAL pilgrimage.

There are a few general characteristics of the people to which there are very few exceptions: they were honest, hospitable, and ignorant. There was little or no felony. They were a jolly set of toppers, ever ready to present you with a glass, and there was not an educated man in the parish.

The reaction which followed the revival with which we commenced, swept of nearly all of that religious ardour which had been kindled by the zealous labours of Uncle John and Co. Our nearest neighbours, H. C—— and his wife, had been 'brought in' during the revival. Ann, however had allowed her grace to evaporate in curtain lectures, and her unguarded husband had nearly washed away the tender plant with beer and cider. It was while Henry was in those moral staggers between the flesh and spirit that he had to visit B——, a small sea-port town about five miles distant. It was a dark and stormy night, in the latter part of December. The wind howled, and the rain beat, and morning came and Henry had not returned. The man John was now dispatched in search of his master ; he returned with the horse, and brought the welcome tidings that his master was returning by another road. About eleven, a.m., poor Henry reached his home, and never did I behold a man in a more wretched and humiliating plight. He was wet, and literally covered with mud ; he had lost one of his own shoes, and had a fragment of what had once been a 'water-tight,' which some compassionate friend had given him ; and thus, limping and miserable, he reached his own house.

While her husband's fate was uncertain, Mrs. C—— was distracted. She had been in bed, but had not winked her eyes for the night; but when she saw her lord return, she grinned one of the most awful smiles I ever witnessed, and asked such a number of questions, seasoned with so many suspicions withal, that it was some time before her husband had an opportunity of answering. At length he began, told her how he lost his horse and shoe, what he had suffered from the wet and cold, and concluded by saying, that had it not been for a drop of liquor which he had with him, (drawing at the same time a bottle from his pocket which had contained gin,) he could not have borne the hardships to which he had been exposed. This touched Mrs. C—— to the quick, and snatching the bottle from his hand, she said with her own peculiar smile, "then thee was drunk, you hatchet-faced old rogue, was thee." "Thee mayst think what thee wilt, but if I had not had that drop of liquor, I tell thee I should have been dead," replied poor Henry, as he raised his rueful countenance to the fierce gaze of his angry wife.

The backsliders now became so numerous, that there were very fewindeed of 'the Lord's people' left. R. R.——, of Tendrick, was the last preacher whom I knew in the parish! but alas! poor Richard had been

in the habit of retiring with a neighbour's — into a solitary brake for the purpose, as they declared, of 'Godly conversation;' but the incredulous world, though threatened with eternal damnation for its unbelief, denied the integrity of their intentions; and to save the reputation of the faithful few, poor Richard was expelled from the society. And with him I shall close my notice of the Bryanites.

Next in point of sanctity were the Methodists. They had many reasons for opposing the Bryanites; the principle of which were the following:—1. They did not meet in the same class. 2. They were not Methodists. 3. They had printed a new hymn book. 4. When told that Methodism was better than Bryanism, they did not believe it. 5. That as Methodism and Bryanism were the same, it was very wrong to separate. To this the Bryanites replied, that Church of Englandism and Methodism were (according to John Wesley) the same thing, and therefore they should pluck the beam out of their own eye, and go back to the Church before they reproved them. The Methodists thought this reproof arose from spiritual pride, and the Bryanites thought it would be well if the Methodists had a little more of the spirit to be proud of, etc. We should further record this important controversy, were it not



that this unsaintly age cannot appreciate these important discussions ; we shall, therefore, proceed with our story.

During the decline of the Bryanites, the Methodists had made some progress. They had established three preaching places, and by dint of two revivals, formed several classes. The first revival was confined almost exclusively to the young men. There were six or seven of them who used to hold prayer meetings in houses and fields at night. The principal leader of these meetings was James H——, a youth of squinting and singular appearance, and an everlasting talker. James displayed his gifts to the best advantage in these nocturnal assemblies, where it was the custom for each one to pray. It happened, however, one night, that a young man had joined them who was too timid to ‘speak in prayer ;’ but all the rest having prayed, Cory was called upon to pray also. He made no reply ; when the leader of the meeting again called on brother Cory to pray. “I can’t—I don’t know what to say,” said the bashful convert. Turning his goggle eye on timorous Cory, the leader exclaimed, “why thee canst say something or other, good or bad, CANST thee not?” I shall, however, defer a description of those meetings, until, in relating my own experience, I have to speak of



those in which I took part myself. Suffice it to say here, that this revival, like the one that succeeded it, passed away, and left but very few traces of its once noisy existence ; so that at the end of 1832, the Methodists had three preaching places, three classes, and about thirty joined members in the parish of St.—

The state of things in the Church was most unfortunate at this time. The minister was a man of the most infamous character ; he was a drunkard, a seducer of every man's wife or daughter that he could captivate, (having driven his own wife from him,) and a cheat. I know a poor man now maintained by the parish, whom he cheated of five hundred pounds.

The great consolation, however, which the church-people had, was, that although the minister's private character was bad yet he was a fine churchman, and the virtue of the clerk in some measure made up for the minister's deficiency. The worthy official was not only amen-man at church, but was the leader of the Methodists ; and I have often heard it said, that the clerk was as good a preacher as the parson. The church, however, was deprived of the services of these two worthies about the same time : death very kindly putting the parson into solitary confinement, and the clerk putting himself out of the parish in company

with his ——— leaving his wife and family to shift for themselves.

It may be said that I have taken an unfavourable view of the religious people; my reply is, I have spoken of things as they were, without comment. The reader may call the persons mentioned saints, sinners, hypocrites, or blockheads, just as it suits his own taste. I have simply given a sketch of the persons who surrounded me in early life. I shall give my own opinion on the influences which acted on them when I have to speak more of myself in another chapter. But my conviction is, that every man's character should condemn or justify him.

For my own part I had nothing to complain of. Whatever injurious influences moved me, there was one at home who was a bulwark of defence. The kind precepts of my mother, which were sealed with her tender kiss, always followed me. Her last admonition was given when her spirit was just about to quit the body. There she lay: the cheerful smile which always illuminated her countenance was undisturbed. Conscious that it was the hour of her death, her faith and hope increased in proportion, so that heaven and earth appeared to unite. Calm as the setting sun, when it rests for a moment on the liquid ocean, she seemed to


pause on the surface of eternity ; and sinking into its abyss, she gently pressed my hand, and faintly whispered with her dying accents, " Will you be good ? " My heart seemed to melt into tears as I replied " I will ; " and never from that time to this have I forgotten that promise. I have often had trials, both of faith and virtue,—have fainted under chastisement, and yielded to the seductions of sin,—but the promise to my mother always called me back to the path of goodness ; and if there be any one reason more than another why I wish for immortality, it is that I may meet her in heaven, to receive her approbation for the fulfilment of my promise.

## CHAPTER VI.

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### A FRESH START.

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T was the latter part of September, 1833. There had been some rain during the day, but towards evening the sun shone brightly, and sunk into the ocean, magnificently red. I had watched its descent, and remained for a long time thinking that I never saw things look so lazy in my life. In the east some fragments of black clouds looked like so many sluggards sleeping on their beds of air. The spirit of the storm appeared to slumber as if exhausted with its everlasting efforts to trouble the mighty waters. The dying day lingered on the hills, to steal unobserved to heaven. My thoughts wandered to various subjects; but everything was mysterious—some gods seemed to lurk beneath the waters and behind the

clouds. I was suspended between two eternities: and what was Eternity? I felt it to be an immeasurable chaos, where nothing but mis-shapen goblins crossed my imagination. In this state I remained for some time, lost in thought. Suddenly I was roused as with an alarming thought—yet what was it? I knew not. All was still around me—no human being was near—I heard no voice—I saw nothing—yet I trembled. Some whisper from heaven, some thunder from hell, or some spirit within me had burst its fetters; and I was awakened to responsibilities which I had never felt before. I stood for a few minutes in utter amazement, and then, as if pursued by some beast of prey, I hastened home.

The intensity of my alarm in some measure subsided during the night; and by the next evening I was composed again. Still I never forgot the circumstance, and often wondered whether I should have a return of the same feeling.

I passed the next fortnight as cheerful as usual. At the end of that time I was induced (but from what motive I know not) to attend a Methodist prayer-meeting, and then I was roused with a tenfold alarm. O God! what did I not suffer for the next three weeks! I seemed walking on the verge of eternity, and that eternity

a yawning hell ! All the horrid notions of " goblins damned " that I had heard or dreamed of in my childhood, now appeared to me one vast reality ; my solemn impression being, that one sin more would sink my soul into a hell worse than that which I had read of in Bunyan's visions. I spent the day in silence ; and in the evening retired into some solitary valley, and past a great deal of the night in prayer and weeping. My sins stood before me like so many ghosts ; and an eternal hell of snares, fire, brimstone, and a horrible tempest, opened from beneath to receive me. And, hanging over this burning pit, heaven appeared armed with vengeance, earth full of tempting devils and damning sins, and hell stored with torments which I could not avoid. Oh, those horrors of hell ! I tremble even now while I think of the anguish which I then endured.

The pangs of the ' new birth ' came on a second time on a Friday evening, and during all the night and next day I was in great travail. I saw the people looking at me : the gravity of my countenance, the deep sigh, and the occasional tear were so strange, that my acquaintances first looked serious, and then smilingly remarked, " His gravity won't last long." I considered this a bitter reproach. That one so determined to go solemnly to heaven, as I was, should have the force of

his gravity questioned, was a sad evidence to me of the want of grace in those who judged me.

As I wept and prayed the greater part of the night, I was, of course, ready to get up by time on the Sunday morning. I accordingly rose about five, to go and call upon an old man, who was a Methodist, to ask him what time the class-meeting commenced. My restless spirit, however, caused me to go so early that I disturbed the old man's slumbers some half-hour or more before it was time for him to get up ; but as he had only to look in my face to ascertain the reason of my intruding upon his slumbers, he rejoiced to see me, and we appointed the time for meeting again prior to our going in to the class-meeting.

Here, again, my great anxiety about being in time made me about two hours too soon. Parched with anguish I sat under a hedge, and opening my hymn-book, the first hymn that met my eye was the one beginning—

“ Oh, unexhausted grace !  
 Oh, love unspeakable !—  
 I am not gone to my own place—  
 I am not yet in hell.  
 Earth doth not open yet  
 My soul to swallow up ;  
 But, hanging o'er the burning pit,  
 I still am forced to hope.”



I firmly believed that God had caused the book to open at this very place for my good, the hymn appeared so applicable. I spent the time in reading, weeping, and praying, until the members of the class came, when I accompanied them to the meeting.

The class met in a large house, built in the time of the Commonwealth, by Captain Braddon, and was, at the time we met in it, in the occupation of a respectable farmer. I think the class consisted of ten members ; and I have always considered them, as a class, to be above the average of Methodists. Our leader was a young man, a blacksmith by trade, of very respectable talent and unquestioned virtue. Next to him was Brother Charles, a tight-laced, up-and-down sort of man, rather thick in the head, but sound at heart. Then there was Mary, one of the most amiable women in the parish ; the master of the house, a good substantial saint, rather shallow in grace, but stedfastly purposing to get deeper ; Uncle Ned—of whom more anon ; two or three others, of whose spiritual position I have no recollection ; and Roger, the most remarkable man in the company. He would have taken the lead, and have been looked up to as a guide for the rest, being gifted with uncommon powers of persuasion. He had, however, occasionally got drunk ; and once—quite by accident—had taken

some things which did not belong to him; and although he knew the plan of salvation to a hair's breadth, and obtained the witness of the Spirit again within three days, we never could place implicit confidence in him. He always had the model experience in the meeting, and often said some good things; but "the word spoken did not profit, not being mixed with faith in them that heard it."

I knew nothing of class-meetings, and therefore thought everything strange. After singing and prayer, the leader spoke nearly as follows:—

"I bless God that his work is still prospering in my soul. Since we last met I have had many times of refreshing, coming from his presence. I pray the Lord to deepen the work of grace. Although I believe that I enjoy the blessing of sanctification, still there are heights and depths to which I have not yet attained. My constant prayer is—

"Refining fire go through my heart,  
Illuminate my soul;  
Scatter thy light in ev'ry part,  
And sanctify the whole."

"Well, Brother Charles, is the Lord prospering his work in your soul?"

I bless God that he ever called me to seek his face, and that my heart replied, 'Thy face will I seek.' But I feel many roots of bitterness springing up, that trouble me: that in me, by nature, dwelleth no good thing. I want more and more to feel—

'The Spirit answer to the blood,  
And tell me I am born of God.'

"Well, brother," replied the leader, "this is the will of God concerning you, even your sanctification. Live near to the Lord, brother; exercise faith in the atoning blood; rely on his promises; and you shall drink of that river which maketh glad the city of God."

Several others spoke to the same effect, and received similar advice. The leader now came to me, and asked how my soul was. I could not tell: I wept bitterly, and said that I deserved hell, but wished to be saved from it. The leader gave me some advice which I did not understand. In fact, I understood but very little that was said; and when some of them spoke of having their souls "washed and purified by the blood of Christ," and having "the blood of Christ applied to their hearts," I understood no more of their meaning than if they had spoken in Sanscrit. But believing that I should be saved and be happy if I continued to

come, I resolved to attend again, and so went home with a firm resolution to be a Methodist.

I spent another week of unutterable anguish; and by the Saturday night my eye was set, my face straightened, my hair combed over my eye-brows, and I had all the outward and visible signs of Methodism.

That night I had a dream, which, if possible, increased my horror. I thought I stood on the verge of hell, an alarmed spectator of what was taking place before me. Ten thousand gigantic devils, with eyes of fire, haggard and lacerated faces, and whose hair was hissing serpents rolling in frightful curls over their sable shoulders, were busily engaged in tossing lost souls in a sea of liquid fire. And while one master-devil was tearing through the crowd to drag me in, I was awakened to be informed that an acquaintance of mine had died during the night; and, as he had not been converted, I concluded at once that he had gone to the place which I had just seen in a vision.

I went to class again this Sunday, but found no relief, and returned and spent another week in misery.

The third Sunday of my trouble had now come, and my spirits were almost dried up within me. I went, however, with some friends to B——, and received the Lord's supper. I had many doubts and fears as to my

worthiness, but at last summoned up resolution enough to partake of it. I had scarcely taken the wine, however, when I felt my bosom begin to glow; and I left the chapel, believing all my sins to be forgiven, that I was a child of God, born again, etc. I soon learned the Methodist phraseology, and became zealous for the faith.

## CHAPTER VII.

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THE PILGRIM ARRIVES AT THE FIRST STATION.

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**T**HE whole of this portion of my life appears to me now like a terrible dream. I used to look forward, through the day, to the evening with the most ardent anticipations ; and the darkness no sooner rendered it possible for me to steal away unperceived, than I vanished from all company, and did not return again till late at night. The unfrequented wood, the deep, solitary valley, or the high hill, were the places selected for my meditations and prayers. My feelings were of the most strange and varied character : sometimes I was in the highest prospects of bliss—God, for Christ's sake, had pardoned all my sins, and I was a son of God, and a heir of heaven. Old things had passed away, old corruptions had died, old associations

had been cut off, old habits forsaken, old desires mortified ; the old man, with his deeds, had been put off, and the new man put on, and I was a new creature. At such times I used to say—

“ The op’ning heavens around me shine,  
 With beams of sacred bliss ;  
 If Jesus shows his mercy mine,  
 And whispers I am his.”

Those bright and ecstatic moments, however, were few and far between ; and long and dark intervals of doubt and despair always intervened. At such times horrible and fantastic associations would crowd the imagination, and almost drive me to utter madness. All the dark and terrible pictures presented to the mind by those of Wesley’s hymns which treat of death, hell, and judgment, were dwelt upon as the most veritable realities. The literal sounding of the great archangel’s trumpet ; the dead rising from their graves ; and the sea yielding up the dead that is in it ; the coming of the Judge in terrible majesty, before whose face the sun shall be darkened, the moon turned into blood, and the stars fall from heaven ;—I used to picture all this to myself, and fancy that I saw the wicked calling upon the rocks and mountains to fall on them and hide them from the



presence of the Judge. In those moments of alarm, how often have I asked—

“ Who can resolve the doubt  
 That tears my anxious breast?—  
 Shall I be with the damn'd cast out,  
 Or number'd with the blest?  
  
 Shall angel bands convey  
 Their brother to the bar?  
 Or devils drag my soul away,  
 To take its trial there.”?

By day I literally closed my mouth, seldom or never speaking unless spoken to; and at night fled from society to give vent to my feelings. Sometimes I used to doubt whether my sins were pardoned, and think my ecstatic feelings all a delusion; and then the fear of falling into hell if I died without the witness of the Spirit would alarm me, and cause me to labour, and fast, and pray, until a reaction of feeling was produced, and I was again happy. At other times I was depressed for want of faith: I could not at the time believe that Christ had died for me, or that in the all but universal damnation of the world I should be one of the brands plucked out of the fire. I feared that when my friends and acquaintances and relatives should sink into the

yawning gulf—for the common opinion is that all who are not born again after the Methodist fashion will be lost for ever—that I should be forgotten of God and left to perish with them. At such times I have knelt down with a resolution never to rise from my knees again without the witness of the Spirit that I was a child of God. Sometimes I used to pray for faith: at other times I did as some of the more zealous members of our society did—I exclaimed, “Lord! I will believe;” “I do believe!” etc.; while all the time I did not believe. In this, however, I was following Mr. Wesley’s direction and doctrine; for, according to him, you must believe that your sins *are* forgiven, and they *will be* forgiven. That is, you must believe a lie in order to obtain forgiveness for those which you may have told.

The ceremony of my initiation, however, had not yet been gone through; but about six weeks after my conversion, the Rev. Aquila Bareface came to renew the tickets, and the leader mentioned me as a proper person to receive admission.

This renewing of tickets was, to me, a new ceremony. One thing alone struck me as singular, namely, the hard pressing of the minister for money: The following was the plan adopted:—

“Well, Sister Hayne, what is the state of your mind? I hope you are growing in grace, sister?”

“I praise God that he hath called me out of darkness into his marvellous light. But I have much to complain of in myself: I feel my heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked. I know that of myself I can do nothing; but I pray God to make me what he would have me to be, that I may serve him here, and reign with him in heaven for ever.”

“What do you give to the support of the cause, sister?”

“A penny a week, and five shillings quarterly.”

“Thank you, sister. God always blesses us according as we serve him. He that soweth sparingly will reap sparingly. The Lord loveth a cheerful giver, and gives to him in return, thirty, sixty, and a hundred fold. You have much reason, sister, to thank God that he hath called you out of darkness into his marvellous light. We all have our trials: what son is he that the Father chasteneth not? Serve the Lord with your substance, and he shall cause your presses to burst out with new wine.”

“What is the Lord doing for *you*, Sister Burden?”

“The Lord hath done great things for me, whereof I am glad. I am sorry that I have not been able to

meet with the Lord's people much of late. The illness of my dear partner, whom the Lord hath seen fit to take from me——"

Here the poor woman burst into tears.

The minister was about to speak, when, catching her breath by a desperate effort, she continued:—"In all my trials the Lord is my portion. In the deep waters of affliction he hath been my support; and I can still trust in Him who hath promised to be a father to the fatherless, and a husband to the widow."

"What do you give to the cause, sister?"

"A halfpenny a week, sir."

"Nothing at the end of the quarter?"

"No, sir."

"Hem——the cause of God must be supported, sister. If God has been so kind to you in your trials, he requires you to do something for him. He is always pleased with our offerings, especially when we sacrifice that which is gratifying to the flesh, in order that we may have something to offer. The more you can give up for God, the more he will give you. I have known some give up tea—try and make an effort, sister, and God will second your endeavour. Our rule is one penny per week, and one shilling quarterly."

I thought the minister rather severe on the poor

woman, and mentioned this to my leader. I told him that I did not know that the Methodists made the very poor, and especially destitute widows, pay. He, however, told me that the cause of God must be supported; and if one were allowed to go without paying, another would do the same. I was by no means satisfied with this reply, and said I could not tell how a man so holy as Mr. Bareface could have the conscience to press so hard upon a poor widow, especially as he was in the habit of indulging in luxuries himself, being a great smoker, and always carrying some gin with him into the pulpit, and wearing a gold pin, a thing forbidden by Mr. Wesley's rules. Here my leader interrupted me by reminding me of the awful sin of indulging uncharitable thoughts of God's ministers; and the fear of an everlasting roasting for the same, effectually closed my mouth.

I was now a downright Methodist, and worshipped Methodism; not that I understood it, but because I thought it would be the means of saving me from hell. I resolved to be a Methodist altogether—to pass on to entire sanctification; and for this purpose attended the regular means of grace, such as class-meetings, prayer-meetings, preachings, etc.; and wandered about the hills and valleys, engaged in prayer and meditation as

much as I could at night. Often also I attended a private meeting, where five of us assembled for the purpose of prayer and pious conversation.

We met at a solitary cottage in a deep valley ; and often on a dark, cold, and windy winter night have I gone into this valley to meet with my spiritual friends, to speak our experience and unite in prayer. Our company consisted of William and Elizabeth R——, the occupiers of the cottage, Uncle Ned, John Stick, and myself. W. R. was a sober, intelligent peasant, who had a desire “to flee from the wrath to come ;” but could say very little about the work of grace in his heart. This his wife attributed to the circumstance of his having always lived a very sober and moral life. Not so Betty : she often spoke of her vileness—a thing confirmed by every gossip in the parish, who discovered in the faces of her children the incontestible evidences of her infidelity. But Betty was born again ; and we will not be so uncharitable as to bring against her in the new world, any indiscretion which may have happened in the old. She always had a flaming experience, enjoyed much of the love of God, had many times of refreshing coming from his presence, and was enabled to rely much on the spirit—having no confidence in the flesh.



The leading man among us was Uncle Ned ; he was an old miner, and had (to use his own expression) “sinned as with a cart-rope.” He had been a drunkard and a blasphemer, a fighter and adulterer, had treated his wife with so much cruelty that she was obliged to leave him, and he had not yet obtained grace enough either to be reconciled to or support her. Uncle Ned, however, said but little of these things : the one great sin which he deplored, was, that he had been a backslider from Methodism—had once tasted the word of life and the powers of the world to come, but had again turned back to the flesh-pots of Egypt.

Our other friend, John Stick, was a knight of the shears and thimble, and quite a man of his own fashion, both in body and soul. His tip-toe height was about four feet ten inches ; his head was small, and thickly covered with straight hair ; he was bearded to the eyes ; wore an unmeaning grin over his *physog* ; and displayed a few straggling teeth, blackened and decayed with tobacco ; added to which he had an impediment in his speech, and an unceasing conflict with the devil. The following is the last experience which I heard him speak, and which is given in his own dialect :

“ I blesh God for what he hath den for my shawl. I waz wonsh a faithful sharvent of Shatan, and drank



down shin as the greedy hox drinketh down watter, until it pleashed the Lord to sthop me in my mad career. Oh, the devil did loosh a good sharvant in me! and the old fellow hath often tried to get me back again into shin. But, bless the Lord! I've allas had the victory. But the old chap had nearly got ma the wother day: ah went out arter a zheem of vurze, and ah cuddent make the hosh stand still while ah put it up, and ah almosht shwore, but ah looked round and zhed 'O you old devil; what dosht thee want me to shin for?' And ah felt ma shawl shet at liberty at wonsh, and ah went home rejoicing in the Lord. And ah am determined to go forward; for if the devil gets me to go back, ah naw that my poor shawl must go down to blow the flamsh of hell for ever and ever."

But I was soon deprived of those means of grace, as will be seen by the next chapter.

## CHAPTER VIII.

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DISASTROUS.

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**A**LTHOUGH there was no regular revival at the time when I was brought in, there was, nevertheless, a great quickening in the church. The conversion of Uncle Ned and John Stick was considered a signal triumph of the power of saving grace. Both of them had been backsliders: the former was looked upon as reprobate; and the heart of the latter was (to use his own words) "hard as the nether millstone." That two such aliens should secure a citizenship among the saints, was a victory over the powers of darkness seldom obtained, and caused great joy in the little society. There was a pious sneer at the devil, as much as to say, "we had you there, old chap!" and many believed that his kingdom would soon be destroyed.

There had been an increase of some ten or twelve members to the society, and great hopes were entertained of a general revival. The elders were singing—

“Lo the promise of a shower  
Drops already from above;  
And the Lord will shortly pour  
All the fulness of his love”—

when a circumstance occurred which blasted all their hopes. We had a love-feast on the first Sunday in February, and it was, perhaps, the largest that ever was held in that parish. All the young converts were there, and spoke of their attainments in grace. John Stick was very lively: he had had a conflict with Satan that morning, and having overcome the old adversary, he was so happy that he could do little but cry “Bless the Lord, I’ve got the victory!” and when we united in the concluding prayer, we all expected that great things would shortly be accomplished—little knowing the result of that fatal day.

Before I proceed, it is right to inform the reader that the locality of which I am speaking has, from time immemorial, been noted for *wreckers*. Nearly two hundred years ago George Fox wrote thus of them:—  
“While I was in Cornwall there were great shipwrecks

about the Land's End. Now it was the custom of that country, that at such a time both rich and poor went out to get as much of the wreck as they could, not caring to save the people's lives; and in some parts of the country they called shipwrecks 'God's Grace,' etc. In the old chronicles, romances, and traditions of the country, this particular parish was held up as the most notorious for the atrocities committed upon stranded vessels. What truth there may be in these stories I know not; suffice it to say that the thirst for plunder had not abated, but that in general prompt attention was given to the safety of the crew, which seems to me the only difference between antient and modern wreckers.

On the day of which I have been speaking, one of those terrible storms occurred which so frequently happen on that coast. There had been some fog hanging for days on the high hills, and the wind blowing strong from the south-west had brought a good deal of rain; on Saturday night it shifted to the north-west, and blew a perfect hurricane.

Before the day dawned on Sunday morning many old wreckers paced the strand, or placed themselves on eminences that overlooked the most favorable creeks. The wind howled, and the rain and the hail beat against the cliffs and rocks; but these men, with their

tarpauling coats and weather-beaten cheeks, kept their hard grey eyes fixed upon the sea. A few spars were picked up, but nothing of importance occurred until about ten o'clock, when many hard faces relaxed into a smile, at the sight of a ship in the offing. Onward she came before the raging storm, now lost among the swelling seas, and now seeming to kiss the black clouds : presently she was lost in a squall ; torrents of rain and hail were discharged ; but the eyes of the wreckers were never removed from the spot where she was last seen. The cloud dispersed, and there was rejoicing again, for the ship drew near the shore. Then they began to speculate : she would come in on Black Rock, and then go to pieces—no, she would strike on the Plain Rock, and then the tide would leave her, and she would be a fine prize. Thus they were speculating, and their eyes grew brighter and brighter as the ship was driven on before the storm, and then they began to draw together at one point, but there was very little said ; every heart beat high, and all thought about the plunder. Presently she struck on a sunken ledge of rocks. Just at this time we came from the meeting, and arrived in sight of the beach.

It is a strange company that comes to the beach to greet a wrecked vessel in those parts. There was the

old wrecker, with a rope in his pocket, stalking about alone: he expects a prize, and will share it with no one if he can help it; he looks savagely on the sea, as if vexed that it does not dash the vessel to pieces fast enough. And there were women, young and middle-aged, walking close to the sea, ready to dart on the smallest piece of wreck that may float to the shore. And there were old men who seemed to have grown younger; and little boys, who seemed to have grown older. And there were toothless old women, with their chins wagging and their cloaks blowing; for all the people had left the church to go to the wreck, but there were few there who were not ready to plunder.

Meantime the ship was dashing on the sunken rocks. The crew stood together near the forecastle, apparently in deep consultation, while every now and then the sea broke over them with overwhelming fury. It was an awful time for them—the ship *must* go to pieces. High, craggy rocks, and frightful precipices rose on either side; behind, the sea came rolling on, as though it had risen in rebellion against its rocky bounds, and before, it boiled like a caldron and stood in unsteady heaps. The deliberation, however, was short: the boat was lowered, and, one after another, the crew leapt into it.



The captain and his little boy stood near the fore-castle : all his men had got into the boat, and his lady had just set her foot in it, when a heavy sea carried it from the ship. Regardless of his own safety, he waived his hand for them to pull for the shore, and in another moment every arm was nerved with the energy of men who were working for life ; but the sea, as though vexed at their attempt, sent a heavy breaker over them which buried all. Some of the women screamed, and the men shuddered ; even Old Honey, who had laid hold of a water cask, paused for a moment to look on, and then turned and rolled it away. The boat rose bottom upward in the smooth water at the back of the breaker ; several heads also emerged from the surface, and among them was seen the lady clinging to an oar.

The captain stood riveted to the fore deck : he was not one hundred yards from the shore, and yet between that shore and himself was perishing his own wife. As the next breaker neared the ship, he stood upon the bulwarks, and throwing himself in the most favourable position was borne towards her. There was another smooth surface at the back of that breaker, and as the lady rose again, her husband was not far from her. The outset carried her from the shore, and swimming brought him a little nearer to it, and thus they met.



A smile of triumph seemed to cross his face as he began to push her on towards the shore. But another breaker, heavier still, came rolling on, and again they were buried. They rose this time nearer the rock, but neither of them made any effort. Both clung to the oar, but the sea had stunned them. Only a few yards from land, and not saved now.

A short man, with light hair and blue eyes, took the end of a rope, and, throwing himself into the sea, swam to the oar, and laid hold of it; and then, beckoning to those on the shore to pull away, the next wave brought them all three on the rock, bruised it is true, but all safe. One other man was saved, and all that the boat contained besides were lost.

The storm howled again, and the heavy breakers broke over the ship. Her timbers began to give way, and her stores and lading came out, and drifted towards the shore. The wreckers were busy in collecting it. But, mingling with the roaring sea, and audible in the growling wind, were the shrill cries of the captain's son. He would have stood on the main deck, but the sea washed him away, and he only saved himself by laying hold of the chain plates. He went on the forecastle, and threw a piece of timber overboard with a rope tied to it, in the hope that it would float to the shore,

and thus establish a communication ; but the outset carried it round the ship's stern, and there it dragged. And then he cried for help—but no help came ; and then the sea broke over him again, and he climbed up into the shrouds, and there wept. And now the ship floated from the wreck and drifted towards the shore, and the cries of the boy became more audible. Some of the spectators looked on with yearning hearts, but many others carried away the wreck. The ship came within twenty yards of the beach, and there struck again, and was fast going to pieces—and the boy felt it. But just then the tide turned, and, ebbing soon, left the ship dry. The boy was saved, and the plunder became general, for there was nothing to hinder it.

There was a lone and terrible solitude on the high hills that evening ; and as the murky twilight advertised the coming night, there was something sad and appalling in the appearance of the beach. Two of the drowned sailors had been picked up and carried to an adjoining shed. They were fine men ; and the idea that I had seen them alive and well that morning, that they had perished in my sight, and were gone to receive the reward of the deeds done in the body, was an awful thought. But more awful still was the sight that met my eyes : the hands which I had seen that morn-

ing stretched out in prayer for a revival of the work of God, were laden with plunder. I am indebted to the instruction of my mother and the example of my father for a conscientious objection to take anything from a stranded vessel; and the idea that I had seen men and women who were born of God, breaking the Sabbath and robbing the distressed, made my heart overflow with sorrow. Some of the coast-guards came to the beach in the evening and took possession of the wreck, and commenced firing to frighten the more daring of the wreckers from it. It was dangerous to remain longer, and I went home and wept bitterly for the prosperity of Zion.

Ours was a gloomy meeting the Sunday following. Very few attended, and those who were there were in great heaviness. There was no longer any hope of a revival. Uncle Ned, John Stick, and many others who had been valiant for the faith, had utterly fallen. But what was worse than all, the unconverted had the laugh against us. Many of the Lord's people had been the most eager for the wreck, and had rushed into the sea—led on by the devil no doubt—to the manifest hazard of their lives, in order to obtain a share of the plunder; but, devil-like, no sooner had he induced them to follow his suggestions, than he sets the world to laugh at them

for their folly; and the reason assigned for the daring of the Methodists was, that anyway they were sure of a prize:—if they saved their lives, they got the wreck; and if they were drowned—heaven. When we remembered those things we hung our harps on the willows and wept, conscious that the enemy had triumphed over us.

I went again to William and Betty's cottage that evening, but I was the only one that came. We comforted ourselves as best we could; and having exhorted each other to cleave close unto the Lord, and promising to remember each other at the throne of grace, we parted.

These, however, were not the only trials of faith which I had to endure at this time. My master was a thorough churl, and forbade me going to the meetings. This was a sore trial: I had submitted to everything else patiently, but this nearly broke my heart. My troubles came on so thick and heavy that I was borne down with them, and had but one resource—prayer. I believed that God would deliver me out of all my troubles, if I prayed in faith, nothing doubting, and ten times in the day I besought help of heaven.

Some things which I thought answers to my prayers, were rather singular. I remember once having an in-

tense desire to possess Dr. Adam Clarke's Commentary on the Bible ; and it appeared so indispensable to my rightly understanding the Scriptures, that I could not rest for want of it. If I had had money the case would have been clear enough ; but, being minus of the one thing needful, I became miserable for the want of it. Nothing remained, therefore, but to pray for it : so retiring one morning, I prayed earnestly for the book, and rose from my knees firmly convinced that my prayer was answered. How it was to be accomplished I could not tell ; and throughout the day I was speculating upon the mystery, never doubting, however, that it would be made plain ; when, to my great joy, a hawker of books came in during the evening, and proposed, without my asking him, to exchange a part of the Commentary for a fiddle and some music papers which had been lying by as useless since my conversion, and offered to let me take the remainder on such terms as suited my means of purchase. Thus my prayer was answered in a manner which caused me to rejoice for weeks.

Another thing which I prayed for was to be delivered from my master ; and this, too, was accomplished in such a manner as to have a deep influence on me ever after. His injustice to me was so flagrant, that I re-

tired to pray one morning, and rose from my knees with the firm conviction, that if I waited calmly and patiently on the Lord, He would deliver me. Further disputes arose, and the matter was finally brought before the magistrates, when my indentures were cancelled, and I was set free from him. This, too, I regarded as a special interference of Providence; for although my master was so wicked, he would have done anything to retain me.

But there was one case in which my prayers were not successful. I had, while in my carnal state, been engaged as confidential scribe by a young man who was desperately in love, but was ashamed to write his love letters. The young lady to whom they were addressed was one of the most lovely girls in the locality, and I laboured hard to breathe into the epistles everything which I could imagine to be affectionate; but—quite by mistake—signed my own name instead of the real lover's. Under these circumstances it is not remarkable that the scribe was accepted and the lover rejected. As I had an engagement of a similar kind in another quarter, I was in a strait between two; and had not Providence provided for one of the young ladies, I should have fallen from grace, for both of them were so lovely that it was hard to pray to be delivered from either.




## CHAPTER IX.

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### RATHER STATIONARY.

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HAD now been about six months a Methodist, and had, so far as circumstances would permit, gone through Methodism ; that is, as it is known to the private members. I commenced with 'a desire to flee from the wrath to come.'—Had been born again from above, had passed through the class-meetings, love-feasts, etc., and become a prayer leader, and had attained the blessing of sanctification.

This feeling of sanctification is one of the most singular that ever possessed a human being: it is a perfect *Will-o'-the-Wisp*. You may find people in the morning full of faith and of the Holy Ghost—ready packed up and sealed for glory—and in the evening crying out 'Oh my leanness, my leanness, woe unto



me.' The spirit has departed—the seal of their sanctity is broken, and here they are limping on between heaven and hell, crying out that the Lord hath hid from them the light of his countenance; and thus they groan on, until in some ecstatic moment they catch the *ignis fatuus*, and again set sail for glory, passing with scorn every little bark which cannot hoist the pennant of perfect holiness.

Such was the case with me. Wandering one night in a solitary field, wrapt in the most enthusiastic ecstasies, and repeating over that verse,—

“ My soul would leave this heavy clay  
At that transporting word,  
Run up with joy the shining way,  
To see and praise my God,”—

I believed that I had attained the blessing. I felt like George Fox,\* that I had passed through the flaming

\*“ Now was I come up in the Spirit, through the flaming sword, into the “paradise of God. All things were new; and all the creation gave another “smell to me than before, beyond what words can utter. I knew nothing but “pureness, and innocency, and righteousness; being renewed up into the “image of God by Christ Jesus; so that I say, I was come up to the state of “Adam, which he was in before he fell. The creation was opened to me, and “it was showed me how all things had their names given them, according to “their nature and virtue. I was in a stand in my mind, whether I should “practice physic for the good of mankind, seeing the nature and virtues of the “creatures were so opened to me by the Lord.”—*Fox's Journal*, vol. I. p. 16.

I have no doubt but a better acquaintance with the laws of *Animal Magnetism* will explain the cause of George's feelings as well as my own.

sword, and attained the state which Adam was in before he fell. Old things were passed away, and all things become new. Creation wore another face. The moon and the stars shone as gloriously as when they first sung together, and the sons of God shouted for joy at beholding them. All the trees of the fields clapped their hands, and the earth teemed with incense to heaven. I was not like George Fox, sufficiently illuminated to know the properties of all herbs, and doubt whether I should not practice physic for the good of the people. But I thought the attainments of the most eminent moralist and philosopher thoroughly contemptible, if he had not the superior light of sanctification to unfold to him the hidden mysteries of the works of God.

How I lost my sanctification I do not know, but so it was; *I did lose it*. Whether I slept and waked, and forgot it—whether it escaped in a moment of unbelief—or whether, as my leader told me, I had fallen into ‘carnal reasoning,’ (a thing from which I was not then wholly free) and the devil took it from me, I do not know; but this I do know, I did not laugh it away. My face was straightened to the gravity of a tombstone; my waistcoat buttoned to the chin; my shirt collar turned down; hair combed straight over my forehead;

and I had all the outward expressions of sanctity which become a genuine Methodist. And here I would remark, that I have always lived in earnest—life, thought, action, religion, time, eternity, are all realities to me, where that which is sown shall also be reaped; and though I can look back and smile at many things which I once thought serious, yet my estimation of the realities of life and religion have always increased. A rational faith has purified and elevated the sentiment, but it has confirmed the hope and deepened the conviction.

The first disappointment which I felt in Methodism was, that I had known ALL. The use of that anti-Methodistical faculty, ‘carnal reason,’ was denied me. I saw that the greater part of the old members had not made those spiritual attainments which I had; for the sanctified are, as I heard a preacher once remark, like stars of the first magnitude, few and far between; and the idea I could go no further, gave me a certain disrelish for Methodism which I cannot now describe. This resulted in doubt, and I was several weeks in a state of indecision whether I would adhere to it or not.

This indecision, though it took nothing from my religion, yet it somehow or other deprived me of my

enthusiasm, and I found reason and conscience superseding ecstasy and vision. If ever a human being needed the light and help of a superior mind, I did at this time. I abhorred sin, and refused to be a companion of the 'swinish multitude' of ignorant, sensual beings, by whom I was surrounded; but clouds and darkness were round about me, and I knew no way to my father's house that was such as suited my soul. I thought I was not far from the kingdom of heaven. I thought I was beside the pool, and that the waters were troubled, but no one was near to help me in, and I could not see the way myself. I was perfectly sincere: I would have cut off the right hand, or plucked out the right eye, but to no purpose. I feared to leave Methodism, lest I should fall into sin, and become like my old associates. I wept, prayed, and thought for some time; and, last of all, seeing no other way, I resolved to venture my whole on Methodism, and sink or swim with it. That I would dedicate my life to its service; I therefore became more diligent in attending the means of grace, and Methodism had my whole heart.

There is one thing, however, which this doubting and reflection did for me: it cured me of sanctification, for it appeared to me after to be a mere phantom

of the imagination ; for if being sanctified takes away the power of sin, as some maintain, then it destroys the moral agency of man ; and if it does not do this, a man is sanctified just as he lives, in accordance with the laws of God ; and it is a matter of obedience and not one of feeling ; every one being sanctified who is delivered from sin. In reference to the *moral* influence of sanctification, I may remark, that it is like most things else : “to the pure all things are pure, but to the unholy nothing.” In illustration take the following cases :—

Thomas Grills was a very holy shoemaker, and was thought by some to have gone further than sanctification, and attained a state of grace which I have heard called glorification : that is, a state in which the mind is wholly absorbed in praise, and filled with ineffable light and glory. Thomas was a man of mighty faith, and has often declared that he believed that if bread was put into the oven without fire, it might be baked by fervent and effectual prayer ; but I have no knowledge of his having tried the experiment. The last time I went with Thomas to a meeting, he was filled with holy laughter. There were several of us walking together, and the topic of conversation was sanctification. I expressed some dissatisfaction with

the usual manner of teaching it. One of the party, E. Tink, said he had enjoyed the blessing for a long time. "So have I, bless the Lord, and I feel it now," said Thomas. "Ha, ha, ha, ha," he continued, in a fit of laughter, such as I have seldom seen. The violence of his agitation soon brought him to the ground, and there he sat under the hedge, shouting "Glory, glory,—Ha, ha, ha, ha,—Glory, glory,—Ha, ha, ha." I did not look at him long, or I should have laughed too, for he was, without exception, the most ridiculous sight that I ever saw: his low broad forehead and grey sunken eyes turned back within their sockets—his contortions both of body and face, and the idea of praising God with peals of laughter, made it impossible for me to preserve my gravity and look on, so I walked away, leaving him to enjoy his ecstasies alone. But poor Thomas did not long retain his sanctification. He lusted for the flesh pots of Egypt; and the last time I saw him he had made shipwreck of faith, and, I fear, of a good conscience too.

Although I have known many who professed sanctification, who were no better than Thomas, yet I think it right to say that they were not all such; and having mentioned one case of fanaticism and inconsistency, I will give another of a different character.



I used to visit an old woman who was confined to her bed, who had been a Methodist for about forty years. She had been sanctified for a very long time ; and had, I believe, a conscience void of offence both towards God and towards man. She was a woman of good sense ; and I would walk many miles to hear her again repeat her christian experience. She lived a life of innocence, and died in peace ; and I seldom think of the calm dignity and heavenly frame of mind in which she met death, without saying, " Let my last end be like hers."

Having given myself up entirely to Methodism, it will be readily believed that I became a bigot to it. I thought the Church of England so wofully fallen, that it was become a spiritual Botany Bay, where the devil transported all his genteel blockheads to. The Independents and Baptists, and all who held the doctrine of election and reprobation, I considered as awful blasphemers of the grace of God ; and when told that Napoleon had destroyed great numbers of Catholics, I thought he had done God service. In a word, I was a Methodist, and believed that the millenium would come, when the whole world would form one vast Methodist society. I revered John Wesley as an Apostle of God ; thought Dr. Adam Clarke the greatest scho-



lar and divine; and S. Drew the best metaphysician that ever lived;—that the Methodist preachers were as holy as angels—that they preached by direct inspiration from heaven, and always did what was right. But alas! I soon lost this idea.

## CHAPTER X.

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### NEW ACQUAINTANCES.

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**T**O one accustomed to wander from town to town, a change of residence is a thing of slight importance; but it is not so to a lad who has been brought up in one of the nooks of the world. Shut out from society, never having seen a town, and deeply attached to the 'rough and breaker-beaten coast' on which I was born, I did not leave the home of my childhood without the deepest regret. The last evening which I spent by the blue and moon-lit deep, where the song and oar of the fisherman, mellowed by distance, swept over the waters, and the clear blue vault of heaven, with its shining hosts, were mirrored back in the calm sea, is the most vivid picture that is stamped upon my memory. Neither was the earth

cold and dead : it was written all over its whole broad surface—every travelled path—every wave of ocean,— with the story breathing of human affections. Warm, eager life—the life of generations is folded up in its mighty bosom, and sleeps there, but is not dead ! Oh, world ! world ! what hast thou been through the long ages that have gone before us ? Ay, what hast thou been ? In the vast domain of old time, every human heart has been a world of living affections. Every soul that has lived has taken the experience of life ; new and fresh, singly and alone, as if no other had ever felt it. Not in palaces only, but in cottages, has the whole mighty problem of this wonderful humanity been wrought out. Sighings, and tears, and rejoicings, birth-day gladness and bridal joy, and clouding griefs and death, have been in every dwelling. Gay throngs of youth have entered in, and funeral trains have come forth at every door. Through thousands of hearts on these old shores has swept the whole mighty procession of human passions. How has it already lengthened out, almost to eternity, the brief expanse of time. With such thoughts as these, felt but not expressed, I bade adieu to the place which gave me birth, and went to reside in a small town on the same coast.

B——— is a little sea-port, remarkable for old

maidens and dirt. Mind, I do not say that the old maidens were dirty. God forbid. They were rheumatic, wheezy, peevish, and considerably troubled with the tooth-ache; but as clean and tidy as new pins. The tradesmen dealt in things in general: the large merchants selling draperies, groceries, iron, coals, malt, hops, spirits, lime, slate, hats, nails, spirits of wine, and sugar-candy. The streets, or rather lanes, are paved with mud, shoe deep, all the winter. The houses are old and rickety, and the whole place has a most dirty and vagabond appearance. There is no trade of any importance, so that the young men are obliged either to go to sea or to the slate quarries, some miles distant, to obtain employment, which perhaps may account for the fact of my having in the small circle of my acquaintance, forty spinsters, the just cause and impediment to whose being joined in the bonds of holy wedlock was, that there were no young men to take them.

When I went to B——.—, my wardrobe was in a very bad condition, arising from the circumstance that on first leaving my old master he had retained all my clothes, except what I wore. I should, however, have been very miserable to have remained away from chapel for the want of smart clothes, so I went, but made very

few acquaintances. After four or five weeks, when I was well dressed, and had, withal the reputation of being 'a very nice young man, I made plenty of friends, and I wish to bear my testimony to the uniform kindness of the people, and more particularly to that of the despised class of old maidens, who always treated me as though I had been their brother.

The first thing which I did was to seek a class meeting; and having ascertained that brother Mead was not only the best class-leader, but also one of the best of men, I went with him. His class was a very large one, and was composed of some, who, like himself, were very good; some who were very bad; and several who were about mediocrity. Sisters Lock, Skeat, and Key, and brother Bolt, were very good; brothers Leg and Lop were decidedly bad; and sister Tin would have been in the same category, but for her keeping a sort of running account with heaven, and always managing to have an even balance once a week.

I was never more puzzled with a piece of humanity in my life, than with sister Tin. She was a remarkable woman, and the eldest daughter of a remarkable family. Her maiden name was Pokenose. She had a brother who was one of nature's extravagances: his

nose and chin almost met, the one forming a kind of hook, and the other a crook; his mouth was large, cheek bones high, and his eye-brows, besides the ordinary purposes, seemed a kind of barred shutters for the eyes; his head was enormously large, and thatched with a crop of hair very nearly resembling bristles; he was also knap-kneed and high-shouldered. Tom, however, was a literary sponge, who had absorbed everything which came in his way; and when once set a talking, he seemed as though he never would stop again. I have known him preach for two hours, and then complain that he had not time to enter into his subject. Of the three unmarried sisters, Charity was hump-backed, Patience had the mumps, and Grace a goggle eye. Prudence (now Mrs. Tin,) was a fine-looking woman; she was converted in early life, and had in her younger days made great attainments in grace. People wondered at her marrying Lazarus Tin; but then there was no prospect of her ever having any one else. Whether brother Lazarus thought that her personal charms, or the three hundred in hard cash, which she possessed, would compensate for the lack of a little amiability of temper, I cannot say; but certain it is, that one very squally morning he took her for better and for worse.

When first I became acquainted with Mrs. Tin, she had a shocking bad appetite, of which she took some pains to convince me at breakfast table. Being the lady of the house, she had of course to attend to the comfort of the rest during the meal; and to secure her own comfort at the same time, she usually took two cups of tea and a rasher of bacon as a 'stay stomach,' (the phrase is her own) before the rest sat down; then she was hindered to pour out tea and coffee, and always took a cup or two while the scriptures were being read, as a compensation for lost time, and as a preface to the morning prayer, generally complaining of a sinking at the pit of the stomach, and total want of appetite.

But the most remarkable thing about Mrs. Tin, was the manner in which she always kept herself in a state of salvation. Her experience at the class meeting it is true was always the same; but then it was always good, in the present tense. Our class met on the Thursday evening, which was of course the day for squaring accounts. About three in the afternoon Mrs. T. would begin to sigh, and leave off talking; by four she would be muttering to herself scraps of hymns, generally—



"I the chief of sinners am," etc.

Or,

"Where is the blessedness I knew,  
When first I saw the Lord?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view,  
Of Jesus and his word?"

This state of doubt and despondency continued until after tea, and was succeeded by another hour of comparative hope and comfort, and the quotations varied accordingly. It was then—

"Arise my soul, arise,  
Shake off thy guilty fears;  
The bleeding sacrifice  
In my behalf appears.  
Before the throne my surety stands,  
My name is written on his hands."

And she generally set off to the meeting humming—

"How happy is the pilgrim's lot,  
How free from every anxious thought,  
From worldly hope or fear;  
Confined to neither court nor cell,  
My soul disdains on earth to dwell,  
I only sojourn here."

Her experience was of this kind ; which, from frequently hearing, I at last came to remember :—

“ I bless God for what he hath done for my soul. He hath brought me up out of the horrible pit and miry clay, and hath set my feet upon a rock. I have been very much troubled by the enemy during the past week, on account of my unworthiness to meet with the people of God ; but by coming to the cross of Christ, and casting myself wholly on the blood of the atonement,

‘ My chains fell off—my heart was free,’

“ And as I came to the house of God I said to myself, ‘ How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts ; a day in thy courts is better than a thousand ; I would rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than dwell in the tents of the ungodly.’ (Here she would clasp her hands.) O ! the Lord hath done great things for me, whereof I am glad. (Here she would shed tears of joy.) I have had many blessed seasons of refreshing coming from his presence during the past week, and my determination is to love him more and serve him better.”

Mrs. Tin generally returned from class meeting in a state of great self-complacency ; and except under extraordinary provocation, was remarkably amiable all

that evening. Next morning, however, there was a great change. If the servant got up early, there was no occasion for it; if she lay in bed late, she was a lazy slut, and deserved to lose her place. If she got up quietly, there was no need for being so sly, and not letting any one know whether people were in bed or up; and if she made a noise, it was spite, and nothing else, to try to disturb people in that way. Her husband was a thoughtless, unfeeling brute, for asking whether she would have her breakfast in bed, but there, it was like his sneers, the men are so selfish. Then there never were such children in the world as hers: they really were enough to plague one's life out; the brats! nay devils; who ever did they take after? Oh if they were but in heaven, every one of them. "Well, there is nothing but trouble in this world. If it was not for the grace of God I don't know what I should do." Such was the general termination of a week's scolding, which, as we said before, was always cancelled every Thursday evening, and a fresh account opened on the Friday morning. I have spent the more time over this lady, because I have met with several Mrs. Tins in the course of my pilgrimage.

Upon the whole I rather liked my residence in B———; the people treated me kindly; and I

learned while residing among them the most valuable of all lessons—to work. I was busily engaged in business the whole of the week, and my Sunday was occupied as follows : prayer meeting at half-past six ; to meet the Sunday school at a quarter to nine ; morning service at half-past nine ; private meeting from eleven to twelve ; distributing tracts from twelve to one ; dinner, and return to school at two ; teaching until four ; chapel again at six ; and prayer meeting after service ; which generally terminated about half-past eight. There was nothing slavish in this ; I was a free and willing laborer, and always received more than I gave. I continued this course for two years, and only left it off when my services as a local preacher were so much required, that I could no longer attend to it.

One thing which I took up at this time was visiting poor and distressed people at their homes. In distributing tracts I usually called at from seventy to one hundred houses every Sunday. From my regularly coming, I became acquainted with most of the people, and often entered into conversation with them on various subjects. This led to my visiting them at other times, and at the end of two years I found myself a general visitor of the poor. I had nothing to give, and

nothing was expected ; but a mutual sympathy existed between us. I rejoiced with those who rejoiced, and sorrowed with the sorrowful ; and in inducing the children to attend regularly at the Sunday school and in various other ways, my visits were both pleasing and useful.


In only one instance do I recollect being discouraged, and that was in the case of an old and very wicked man. Tom's depravity was proverbial : but being suddenly deprived of his eye-sight, he considered it a judgment of God against him, and began to profess a desire to flee from the wrath to come. Up to this time I was the only visitor at the house ; but having induced him to attend the chapel, others took notice of him, and all believed that he had attained a new heart ; but just then he became jealous of his wife, and returned again to his depraved course. I visited him once more, but it was the last time. Our parting was very characteristic of the man : ' Religion is all very well for such chaps as you,' said Tom, ' but I can't do with it.' ' But you will be damned if you do not embrace it ;' ' then I'll be damned if I can,' were the last words that I ever heard him speak. I was greatly discouraged, but did not give up visiting.

## CHAPTER XI.

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RATHER STORMY.

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N the year 1836 there were great discussions all over the kingdom on the discipline of Methodism. The expulsion of Dr. Warren, no doubt, did much to keep up the contention, and for a long time the most disgraceful conflict was carried on. The controversy had been for some time in existence before I became acquainted with its nature ; but the following facts gave me some insight into it :—

The chapel which I attended was the property of T. P. R——, Esq., who had refused to have it made over to the Conference. He had, to use the words of an old preacher, ‘ committed a sin against Methodism,’ in having addressed a public letter to the Rev. R.

Newton, then president of the Conference. For this he was to be expelled from the Society; the liberality of the Wesleyan priesthood not allowing their members the liberty of writing public letters on the business of the connexion. That he must be expelled was certain! but how was this to be done? His reputation was so great and his influence so extensive, that to expel him would be but to rend the society to pieces. 'He that would outwit the priests,' says Prince, 'must rise early; nay, he should not go to bed at all,' and so the sequel proved in Mr. R——'s case.

One Sunday morning, in the middle of the quarter, the Rev. A. Bareface came to B—— to preach, and much to our astonishment, gave notice that brother M—— and brother T——'s classes would stop to renew their tickets, and I being in brother M——'s class, remained. Brother T——, however, was only the nominal leader of the class, and officiated in Mr. R——'s absence; so that when he received his own ticket he asked for Mr. R——'s. 'I shall not give it,' said Mr. Bareface. 'Then I shall not take mine,' replied Mr. T——. 'Why will you not explain the matter?' enquired brother Tin. "I shall not tell," was the reply. This led to a long discussion; Mr. Bareface coaxed, scolded, and threatened; but the leaders were



so much the masters in debate, that we all came to the conclusion that we would not take our tickets without Mr. R——'s was given, or at least the reason why it was withheld. Mr. Bareface at last consented to tell us what induced him to withhold Mr. R——'s ticket, on the condition that we all took ours; and this being agreed to, we went through the usual ceremony on such occasions.

After the tickets had been taken, Mr. Bareface rose, and gave what he called an explanation of his strange conduct. I did not very clearly understand him; but the solemn manner in which he concluded his address, convinced me that he meant to do right. He passed a high eulogium on Mr. R——'s character; deprecated any uncharitable thought which might be entertained towards him, and concluded by calling God to witness that he did not intend to do Mr. R—— any wrong, but only withheld his ticket until he should be brought to trial. That this should be done as soon as possible, and that the whole matter would be settled then, and until then it could not be. I left the meeting very well satisfied with Mr. Bareface, and wondering very much what Mr. R—— had done; and on thinking the matter over, I could not tell how it was that Mr. R—— was a good man, yet a bad Methodist; but I was enlight-

ened on this subject the next day, for at the local preachers' meeting, which was then held, Mr. Bareface rose and said, 'Mr. R—— is not a member of this meeting, he has no ticket, and therefore has no right to enter;' and I afterwards found that Mr. Bareface had said, 'I will not expel Mr. R—— positively, but I will do it negatively; I will withhold his ticket, and leave his name off the plan.' I heard this with horror. The man who I thought preached by the direct inspiration from heaven,—whom I looked upon as infallible—I was now convinced that I had heard this man call God to witness that he was doing one thing, when he was wilfully and deliberately doing another at the same time. He had performed the most consummate piece of hypocrisy; had proved himself a liar and a deceiver, and had finished the whole with perjury and ingratitude.

The contention now became very bitter. 'The trustees began to claim the chapels. 'No,' said the preachers, 'the chapels are ours, the debts only yours.' The trustees locked them up, and the preachers went on Sundays and took a smith with them to open the doors, and went in and preached without a congregation, in order to secure possession. The preachers said the people were 'seceders' and disturbers of 'God's heritage,' and the people said the preachers were wolves

in sheep's clothing, who cared for the fleece rather than flock. I was very much grieved at the proceedings which were going on every day; but my sorrow was brought to a climax by the following incident. I was returning home one night, and overheard two men talking over the dispute. 'D—— the Methodists,' said one, 'if they are not exactly like the two fellows who stole a sheep, and then quarrelled as to which the carcase belonged.' 'I always thought they were a pack of straight-haired rogues,' rejoined the other, 'and now they have shown it. There is never any such doings among us Church-people.' I had often heard the Methodists abused before this, but I now felt that they deserved it; and I went home to bed, wrapped my head in the sheets, and wept bitterly.

Our controversy was carried on very like a school fight: first there was an exchange of significant shakes of the head, and 'yes, if you dare;' then some sharp hitting, followed by 'you had'nt better do that again you know;' when suddenly both parties discovered that they really had no business to fight at all. We were just getting into this very desirable state, and were beginning to feel that our great work was to save souls, when the old body, from some cause or other, made the same discovery. They became alarmed at

the awful condition of the world—asleep in the arms of the wicked one—so did we ; and both parties began to preach and pray for the conversion of the world.

As B———— had been the head quarters of the schism, and as the ringleaders of the seceders came from us, the old body determined that it became them as true soldiers to attack the enemy in his own citadel ; and if they could not bring us back to the true fold, by converting sinners in our midst we might be constrained to admit that the glory had not departed from them. Having found a champion in the person of Daniel Blamey, they prepared for the great work of snatching brands from the burning.

Daniel's great ambition was to be a *brand-snatcher* ; (I use his own words) and if making a noise ever entitled a man to that honor, he certainly deserved it. The tactics of his spiritual warfare are thus laid down by himself. ' In storming a very hardened wicked town by the Lord's hosts, when it has been proof against the means of grace for years, and when the church has withered away, or the devil has succeeded in rending it to pieces, something great must be done ; a gigantic effort must be made ; fasting, repenting, and praying in faith will not be sufficient to throw down the walls ; no, some holy, faithful, heaven-sent

minister must be sent, who can bind hell, move heaven, and convert sinners; and who fears no man. And he must not go alone: heaven's hosts below and forces must be mustered, and they must stand by him,—stand firm in the faith, in all the power of believing prayer, till hell trembles, and the walls of Beelzebub are scaled and his kingdom taken. O! for the faith that laughs at impossibilities, and cries it shall be done. Hallelujah! glory be to God! Let the older members of the church support me, and we will have a revival; let them breathe, God feels it; let them pray, God hears and answers; let them sing, angels listen; let them groan, hell trembles; where these work in a revival, their influence is felt in heaven, on earth, and in hell. Praise the Lord! we will have a revival!' Thus full of faith and of the Holy Ghost did Daniel come to belabour Satan in the little town of B——.

What happened at the first two meetings I know only from the testimony of others, and shall not therefore say anything of them. The third was remarkable for several things: Mary O——, a buxom young widow, but a *backslider*, declared before all the company that she had found salvation, and would *backslide* no more; then Daniel gave us such a thunder and light-

ning sermon, that one scarcely knew whether we were on earth or in the other place. I was but an imperfect short-hand writer at the time, and therefore can only give the reader an imperfect idea of the sermon; but what I have preserved is here given. Taking for his text—‘*How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation,*’ he commenced in something like the following manner. ‘I have come here to save souls; and heaven, earth, and hell expect souls to be saved; nor will they be disappointed. Heaven, who sent me, will give me souls; I cannot live without souls. Hell knows it,—hell fears it; soul-saving is what hell fears. The devil can do with anything but soul-saving; he cares for nothing so much as soul-saving. Soul-saving is what hell abhors, heaven approves, and earth expects—this is the great salvation.’

‘All other salvations are as nothing when compared with this. This salvation confounds devils, astonishes angels, and glorifies the triune Jehovah; it is as great as the requirements of divine justice, as great as the misery of man; it is adequate to all its objects. The great God contrived it; a great Saviour accomplished it; a great spirit applies it. Great multitudes are already saved by it; it reaches to the gates of hell; yea, if the sulphurous smell of hell’s brimstone flames were on



thy breast, sinner, and the smoke of the pit had darkened thy soul; if thou wert black as a devil, and had all the sins of the universe upon thee, if thou wouldst only try to believe, God would raise thee—this salvation would be great enough to meet thy [half-damned] case.'

'The world needs this salvation. Sinners are dying, dropping into hell daily, and they need it to pluck them as brands from the eternal burning. In England and America alone ninety thousand drunkards die in one year! in ten years, nine hundred thousand!! in fifty years, four millions five hundred thousand!!! in one hundred years, nine millions!!!! in one thousand years, ninety millions!!!!!! If these were laid at the feet of each other, occupying two yards each, they would reach four times round the globe; were they buried in graves of two yards by one, they would cover fifty-eight square miles; and standing together in the infernal world, awaiting the terrible judgments of God, three in every square yard, they would occupy nine square miles—one solid group of damned spirits, suffering all the tortures of perdition. Sinners need this salvation, that they may be saved by it. Glory be to God, and they shall be saved by it. We feel for them, weep for them, confess for them, pray for them, believe

for them, and never will rest, nor give God any rest, until they are saved. We will lay this world, with all its black, hell-steeped, blood-red crimes at the feet of Jesus ; and with heaven-born pity moved, never rest till its hell-blackened face is turned to God, and its horrid blood-red crimes are washed away in the blood of the Lamb.'

'Again : this salvation is as free as it is great. Yes, glory be to God, for every child of man, in every age and nation ; millions of the heathens, who never heard the sound of Jesus' name, nor the word salvation mentioned, are nevertheless saved by virtue of the atonement ; for 'its streams the whole creation reach, so plenteous is the store.' The dark, cruel, bloody, fiend-like, God-dishonouring, devil-pleasing, hell-filling doctrine of unconditional reprobation, like guilty Babylon, is falling to rise no more ! Hallelujah to God—

'The Antinomian fiend expel,  
And chase his doctrine back to hell.'

And it is full ! Like the river of living water, which the prophet saw streaming from under the threshold of the Lord's house ; and, thank God, thousands have got into it.

1. The convinced sinner is up to the ancles.
2. The justified believer is up to the knees.
3. The sanctified soul is up to the loins, and learns to swim.
4. An impossible river.—Some of us can sing:

‘When first in this river I ventured my soul,  
 The waters of life to my ancles did roll;  
 But still persevering my Saviour to please,  
 I soon found this river was up to my knees.  
 A thousand was measured, and then I went in,  
 ’Twas up to my loins, ’twas a freedom from sin.  
 And now I go on to prove it a river,  
 So deep and so broad, I can swim there for ever.’\*

Who then are partakers of this salvation:—

1. Not devils, infidels, atheists, deists, unitarians, antinomians, and sinners.
  2. Not hypocrites, formalists, nor backsliders.
- But all the people of God are partakers of it; and praise his name, it shall come to this house to-night. Amen.’

The reader will not be sorry that the above is all that we have been able to give of Daniel’s sermon, which must of necessity be shorn of its grace when reduced to

\* The above lines are printed in the ‘Messenger of Mercy and Old Methodist Revivalist,’ for 1844, page 131. Half-a-dozen such sermons as Daniel’s might easily be culled from this orthodox work.

paper; but given with the frantic gesture of the preacher, and delivered in the peculiar revivalist twang, it had a stunning effect, and sinners began to cry aloud for mercy. But alas! Satan is not easily vanquished.

The people of B———— are in general quiet and well behaved; nor can I account for their conduct on this occasion, except it was that our contentions had brought us into contempt; but whatever was the cause of their misconduct, the enemy made use of it to destroy the revival.

Among other pious resolutions, Daniel had reduced the saying attributed to Wesley, 'that the devil should not have all the pretty tunes,' into practice, and having a number of revival hymns set to popular airs, sung them with very great effect. But the ungodly, moved by satan, no doubt, came and sung the songs instead of the hymns. Thus one company were singing

'Begone vain world, thou hast no charms for me,  
My captive soul had long been held by thee;  
I listened long  
To thy vain song,  
And thought thy music sweet;  
And thus my soul lay grov'ling at thy feet.'

This being set to the popular air of 'Begone dull

Care,' a few hardened youths sung the song instead of the hymn. Thus, while one party was singing the above, the other was following them with

'Begone dull care, I prythee begone from me,  
Begone dull care, thou and I shall never agree;  
Long time thou hast been tarrying here,  
And fain thou would'st me kill,  
But i'faith dull care  
Thou never shalt have thy will.'

Finding 'Dull Care' becoming too lively, Daniel tried the following:—

'O what hath Jesus done for me,  
To save my soul alive;  
He led a suffering life on earth,  
That I in grace may thrive.  
He left his Father's throne above,  
And came to dwell below;  
And shed His precious blood for us,  
A long time ago.'

But 'The Days we went a Gipsying' shared the same fate as its predecessors, and had to be abandoned accordingly. 'Pretty Polly Hopkins,' 'Auld Langsyne,' 'Scots wha hae,' and 'O no, we never mention Her,' met with a similar reception. But Daniel, determined to beat the enemy, commenced

singing a hymn well known among Revivalists, bearing the title, I think, of 'The Christian Soldier encouraged.' The last verse was as follows :—

'Your captain then will say well done,  
Come live and reign with me;  
The battle's fought—the field is won,  
Shout, shout the victory.

CHORUS.

And to glory we will go,  
And to glory we will go;  
The battle's fought—the field is won,  
And to glory we will go.'

This was set to the tune of the 'Jolly Smuggler,' and the effect of singing the two together seemed a kind of ridiculous impiety, as may be gathered from comparing the last verse of the smuggler with the above.

'Our captain then will say well done,  
Come lads make up the log;  
The cargo's run—the cash is won,  
Push—push around the grog.

CHORUS.

And a smuggling we will go, my boys,  
And a smuggling we will go;  
We'll cross the main to France and Spain,  
And a smuggling we will go.'



What added further to the discomfiture of Daniel and Co. was, that as a company of three or four of them was gathered round a young woman who had been 'reached,' and were praying for her deliverance, two of her companions came suddenly up, and laying hold of her on each side, bore her from the penitent form, and she never returned again to have her soul set at liberty. It was superfluous to damn such sinners as these, and impossible to save them; and Daniel at last made the discovery that he had no 'call' to the place, and thus the revival terminated.

## CHAPTER XII.


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A VERY SHORT CHAPTER.

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‘When troubles come, they come not as a spy.’—SHAKSPERE.

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 NEED not inform the reader that I loved Methodism with all my heart ; and by daily prayers and services sought to extend it ; nor when the idol was broken, that I felt as one of the old Phœnician devotees might have done when Dagon fell to the earth. My only consolation was, that *it had fallen from me*, and that I had *not fallen from it*. For some time I hoped a re-union might be effected. I could not believe that *we*—who were born again from above and delivered from the moral infirmities by which the world is afflicted—could let the sun go down upon our wrath ; as we were not of the world

we should rather show our grace by uniting in the great work of saving sinners. It was with this feeling I attended the revival meetings mentioned in the last chapter, hoping, as our professed love for souls was so much greater than our love of either money or power, that in the display of this we should forget our differences, and, having one spirit, should remain one body. Disappointed in this, the last tie of my heart to the old Methodist body was severed by the following circumstance :—

For a year or more before this contention, I had entertained a strong desire to be a local preacher. I looked up to it as a holy and elevated position, which added dignity to the man and grace to the believer. What I thought about so earnestly by day, was often the subject of my dreams by night ; and after praying, and studying, and dreaming, and committing large portions of the bible and other religious writings to memory, I made my first attempt.

What impression my virgin sermon made upon others, I never knew ; but if it had anything like the same effect upon them as upon me, I do not envy their feelings. When I commenced giving out the hymn the book looked blue ; by the time I had concluded the prayer, my eyesight had gone altogether ; and I

remained in total darkness until the end of my discourse, which happened in about twenty minutes after the beginning.

After making two or three attempts, I began to be anxious to know how my discourses were liked; but whether people did not wish to discourage me, or whether there really was nothing to like or dislike in them, I do not know; but I think it must have been two or three months before I heard any criticisms on my performances. It was while I was in this state of anxiety that I went to preach at Port Q——; after the sermon the principal members waited on me, and said, from the very great satisfaction which my discourse had given, they hoped I would come again and preach a special sermon for them. Dear souls! they little thought of the happiness they were imparting. It was the first indication of success; the first evidence of my 'call' to the work of the ministry; the object of my ambition was within my reach; my heart leaped with joy; and when left alone I wept with delight.

The occasion of my going to preach the special sermon was a very melancholy one. The people of Port Q—— support themselves principally by fishing, and on account of the 'ground sea' and frequent storms, the

coast is very dangerous. A few weeks before my visit to the place, a young man who supported his mother and niece was drowned. The old woman was the oldest and most exemplary member of the Wesleyan Society, and having been deprived of her only son, they resolved to support her. It was one of the most pleasing sights ever witnessed in the world, to behold the sympathy of these poor people; one carried a fish, another some potatoes; one cultivated her little garden, another fetched her water; she was a welcome guest at every house, nor was there a luxury partaken of without a portion being sent to her; and the occasion of my preaching the sermon for them was to make a collection to pay her house-rent.

About a month elapsed before I went to preach my first charity sermon; and during my absence the Rev. A. Bareface had been on his quarterly visitation to meet the society; but finding that the twenty-six members had only subscribed one pound during the quarter for the support of the 'cause of God,' he declared them unworthy of the privilege of being reckoned amongst his people, and broke up the Society. When I came and saw the grief in which he had plunged the poor people by his priestly avarice, I could scarcely suppress my indignation, and my address to the good

folk was very like some of George Fox's invectives against 'hirelings and deceivers.' Every passage of scripture which denounced the arrogance and imposition of the priests flashed upon my mind, and I gave my testimony against the unchristian conduct of Mr. Bareface, with a boldness which has always surprised me.

My alienation from Methodism was now complete, and I resolved to join the Association; but a great change had come over me. I had the same desire to be useful, and the same love for religion; but my *trust* in Methodism had been broken, and I joined the Association a *doubter*. Things might be as they appeared, but I wanted to look beneath the surface and beyond the profession.

I shall pass very briefly over the next three years of my pilgrimage, as nothing occurred which produced any very great change in my spiritual life, or had any marked tendency to the development of my sentiments to a higher or more rational faith.

Up to the year 1839 I had never questioned the leading doctrines of Methodism. I took them such as I found them, for better and for worse; and though I was frequently puzzled, I always believed that the darkness was in myself, and not in the doctrines; and

I always prayed and labored to understand them. I had a species of intuitive reverence for them, which seemed part and parcel of my religious existence; my final salvation, and belief in orthodox theology appeared to me to be inseparably connected.

My struggles to become a preacher had not been wholly in vain, and I had risen from one step to another, until my services were in great request. This perhaps was owing more to the ignorance and inability of my brethren, than to any other circumstance, as the talents and performances of the great majority of the Methodist locals (and I might include many of the itinerants) are of the most contemptible kind. The skeletons of the sermons are often borrowed from 'Cook's Outlines of Sermons,' 'Hannah's Skeletons,' or some such book, and skeletons they are. The texts are divided and subdivided, and then served up—soiled and mangled like a pirate's flag.

There is one thing in connection with these circumstances which has always given me great satisfaction. I had not been a local preacher long, before I perceived that the members, and even the local preachers, knew but very little about the Scriptures. The Hymn Book is the great source of theology to the majority of the people. Mr. Wesley, not Jesus Christ, is the authority generally appealed to; no matter whether it



be the doctrine of the Trinity, the appearance of ghosts, or the infernal agency of witches, Mr. Wesley is cited with equal assurance. I resolved, however, to take a different course; and not only read the Scriptures diligently, but committed large portions of them to memory. This I would advise every young man to do, as I have ever found it of the highest service.

In the latter part of the year 1838 my attention was principally engaged on the subject of class meetings. I had not only been a regular attendant for several years, but I had been in a great number of classes and love-feasts in various parts of the country, and was also acquainted with many hundreds of people who attended them, and had every opportunity of judging of their influence upon the heart and life.

Another subject on which my mind was exercised was that of the comparative authority of the Old and New Testaments. I do not know what the Methodist preachers believe, but they certainly preach as though they believed that the writings of Moses were of equal authority with the commands of Jesus Christ; and you may often hear texts quoted from the Old Testament, and commented on as infallible truths, which are in flat contradiction to the New, and *vice versâ*. This led me to the question of the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures; and on all these subjects I gathered some

information, and my mind underwent a considerable change, though I did not acquire sufficient light to oppose either the practice or sentiments of the popular party.

I do not know what progress I might have made in these inquiries, if I had not been interrupted. But exposure to the cold brought on a very lingering illness, which, in some measure, changed the current of my thoughts. It was several months before I was perfectly well, and I embraced this opportunity of carrying into effect what I had long proposed, namely, to read carefully some heathen authors. I was before this pretty well acquainted with Homer, and now read with great interest 'Plutarch's Lives.'

I do not recollect any particular passage in this book which made the impression on my mind, but by some means or other it gave me a new view of human nature; and I found myself, at the time of my recovery, divested of many of my previous sentiments in reference to the natural state of man.

At the commencement of my illness I ceased to preach, and when I recovered I no longer attended class meetings. Methodism had become a prison-house to my soul, and I resolved to seek without that "pure religion and undefiled before God our Father" which I had not found within it, although I had sought it carefully with tears.

## CHAPTER XIII.

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CONTAINING MY EXPERIENCE.

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**U**PTHERTO, kind reader, we have been passing through scenes which I have described without giving any comments on their influence; now, however, I intend to 'speak my experience,' and hope to do so in the most free and candid manner. I shall not keep back anything from fear of giving offence, nor speak aught from malice.

As a young man I have had my share of temptations, and have had to meet the allurements of sin both in town and country. I have, too, had to pass through the world without that guidance and restraint which the presence of friends, relatives, and superior minds generally exercise over the young and inexperienced. I was obliged to leave home when a lad, and have

since had to work my way in the world alone. I have felt the temptations of wealth and poverty—the lust of the flesh—the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life; and now that my passions are cool and my body brought into subjection, my heart is full of gratitude that I have escaped the pollutions of the world. I shall, perhaps, at some future time speak of my moral trials and struggles; but we have now to deal with the influence of Methodism.

My conversion to Methodism may be easily accounted for. The revivals of Uncle John, T. English, & Co., were neither farce nor fiction to me, but the only religious reality which I was permitted to behold. There was a pathos and energy in their preaching—an apparent sincerity in their shouting and praying, and a confidence in asserting their experience—which won my respect, and made me regard them as the very elect of God. I saw in them men to whom the invisible world was an abiding truth—men alarmed at the horrors of hell, and enraptured with the joys of heaven—men who had been born again from above, whose souls were delivered from the polluting chains of sin, and inspired and made powerful by the Holy Ghost; who comprehended the mysteries of God, and drove the devil like a frightened crow. These were not—are not—things

for jest or satire: I really believed I had a soul to save, and that theirs was the highway to heaven, and often hoped that I should at some time or other be converted.

There was another thing which had some influence with me in making me admire Methodism, namely: they were, or pretended to be, much better than the church-people, and I believed them. The church-people never pretended to be saved: they told lies, swore, got drunk, went to the church, and sent for the Methodists to pray with them when ill, and never, that I know of, professed to be the better for either. Their religion was altogether what George Fox would term 'a steeple-house affair:' a thing to be put on and off like the parson's surplice, and at the same time too. And then the parson, he was one of the brightest gems in Beelzebub's crown, but I have spoken of him before, and he is too filthy to soil the paper with again. Such however was the tendency of this, that my moral nature revolted from the church, and my religious affections and hopes centered in Methodism.

I would remark here, that I believe this to be the natural issue of the state of things by which I was surrounded. The moral sentiment is the most powerful of any, and whenever this is brought into conflict with the religious, the latter must always give way.

I liked the prayer-book, could say my catechism, and believed every creed, article, and homily, to be gospel truth, yet still I did not reverence the church; its ministers and people were not good, and I could not love and respect them as such; and this I have often found to be not only the cause of separation from the church, but one cause of the deep-rooted unbelief in Christianity altogether which so extensively prevails. Every abuse has Christianity paraded in its support—civil and ecclesiastical despotism—the drinking customs of this country and slavery in America—are all excused on the plea that Christianity permits them. And if this be proved, what is the result? Why, that the advocates of temperance, emancipation, and reform—the best moral natures in the world—are set in opposition to religion. I verily believe that those surpliced mouthpieces of slaveholders, drunkard-makers, despots, and mammon, are the greatest curse in existence. They place their infernal body of divinity on the very threshold of the kingdom of heaven, and neither go in themselves, nor suffer others to do so. But I am digressing.

Although I had this inward respect for Methodism, there were but few outward and visible signs of it. Not only was my natural depravity proved by the rough-



hewn logic of Thomas Jago, but my unceasing propensity to fun and frolic made it evident to my friends in general, and to myself in particular, that I was a promising candidate for the horrors of everlasting perdition. There were, however, some things in the rakish education which I could never learn. I found drinking and smoking beyond my talents, and I was always an indifferent hand at swearing; but as I was taught to believe in the exceeding sinfulness of all laughter and lightness, I had a very large score with conscience on that account.

The misery which I experienced after some of my days of pleasure, was extreme. I remember once, just before my conversion to Methodism, that I went to D—— feast. I was very happy the first and part of the second day. I had with me a very fascinating young woman; and fun and frolic were the order of the day. I absolutely made myself so ridiculous as to preach one of Tom Brown's odd sermons. The thing succeeded to perfection; and I had the audience falling on the floor with laughter before my sermon was half through. But the day passed, and in the evening I had to walk home with a weary body, a guilty conscience, and an aching heart. I paused on a high hill, and looked to the azure west, from which the sun had



just vanished. The sea was calm, and all things around tranquil—but, alas, how miserable was I ! What would I not have given to have buried myself beneath the everlasting rocks where the archangel's trumpet should never wake me ! But no ; I must still live, although I cursed my own existence.

The breaking out of this feeling on my conversion to Methodism, was nothing more than what might have been naturally expected. The fear of hell, so often laughed away, like water that has been dammed back, gathered strength, and, bursting on the mind, overwhelmed everything else, and made me run to the only party who professed to be able to save me from it. This, I think, was natural to me. Had my education and circumstances been different, I should no doubt have felt and acted differently.

I conceive the influence of Methodism on my mind and heart to have been both good and bad. The good which I received from it was the being entirely alienated from all my previous practices and associates ; having the religious feelings fully developed, and a purpose of life given me ; a thing to live for—namely, the salvation of my soul. For with a genuine Methodist—

‘ Nothing is worth a thought beneath  
But how I may escape the death,  
That never—never dies :

How make mine own election sure,  
 And when I fail on earth, secure  
 A mansion in the skies.'

I gave up at once all those practices and companions which were likely to lead me astray. It is true that I gave up this *first*, and went and joined the Methodists after; and I might perhaps have continued steady if I had not joined them, but of this I am not certain; and I shall therefore cheerfully give all the credit to Methodism which it may deserve on that account.

The bad effects which Methodism had upon me were—the narrowing of my sympathies and making me a bigot; binding my mind to a set of dogmas, and preventing me from seeking after truth; tampering with the simplicity of my character, and tempting me to hypocrisy. Of the first of these I have already spoken. The second must be apparent throughout my pilgrimage. I had to take everything upon trust, and was threatened with eternal perdition if I strayed from the Wesleyan standard of thought. I have therefore only to speak of the last.

There are many things in Methodism whose direct tendency is to stultify, and thus weaken, the moral sentiment. The first of these which I shall notice is the influence of the doctrine of original sin. Whatever

debases man in his own estimation weakens the power of motives to do right, and exerts an unfavourable influence on his virtue; and this must always be the influence of this doctrine wherever it is *believed*; for no man can believe that he is *altogether corrupt*—that from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot he has *no* soundness—that his heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked—and still feel that he is the offspring of Jehovah, or, as St. Paul says, ‘the image and glory of God.’—(1 Cor. viii. 5.) I feel now that a consciousness of rectitude, united to a love of God as the Good which casteth out fear, is the firmest foundation of character; and I feel too, how much I have suffered from the pernicious heresy of hereditary depravity.

But in close contiguity to the doctrine of inability to do right, there is another which, in effect, says you need not; I refer to the doctrine of justification by faith alone. The influence of this doctrine is rarely, if ever good; generally pernicious. If a man feels that he has done wrong, his great object should be to reform. ‘First be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift;’ but instead of thus making at-one-ment with his brother, this doctrine teaches him that he should cast the whole on the atonement of Christ,—that a man may do right and be damned; but if he believes aright he is sure to be saved.

‘Believe, and all your sin’s forgiven,  
Only believe, and yours is heaven.’

Another result of this doctrine is, that people judge themselves right or wrong by faith and feeling, instead of love and right action; and you will often find that the most noisy revivalists are the men of the least moral principle. I do not mean to say that ALL revivalists are men of indifferent character, for I have reason to believe that some are good men; but the great majority whom I have known, have been as destitute of principle as they have been full of fanaticism; and these men are right according to their own creed. They have a firm conviction that in them dwelleth *no good thing*, and that God, for *Christ’s sake*, hath blotted out all their sins.

But the most prolific source of evil in the Methodist societies is the class-meeting. The class-meeting is a very bad edition of the confessional. Those who confess to the priest in the Roman confessional, generally speak the truth; this, however, is far from being the case in the class-meeting. People are ashamed to tell their true experience before a dozen of their neighbours, and either equivocate or forge an experience which is not their own. This induces a habit of equivocation and lying, and finally destroys that love and

regard for truth, which is the basis of all goodness. I speak thus in sorrow, and not from any anger or prejudice to Methodism; but I have felt and seen it for the last seven years, and I appeal to any one who has had much experience either in Methodism or with Methodists, if this religious romancing be not their besetting sin.

That I am not singular in this opinion of class-meetings may be seen from the testimony of others, as well as from the nature of the meetings themselves. I take the following from the *Messenger of Mercy and Old Methodist Revivalist* for 1844, page 2. The writer calls it ‘THE OLD CANTING, STEREOTYPED EDITION OF CLASS LEADING.’

“ ‘Well, my dear brother, (or sister,) tell us the state of your mind to-day?’ This I have heard hundreds of times: it generally elicits some such vague answer as the following:—

“ ‘I feel a poor shortcoming creature: I have many troubles and trials, but I have felt happier this week than last. I have no desire to turn back. May I meet you all in heaven for Christ’s sake. Amen.’

“ Then the cold, formal leader perhaps sheds a tear, and says—

“ ‘Well, my dear brother, (or sister,) go on; He that

hath helped you all these years will help you to the end.' HORRIBLE."

The writer then goes on:—"My brethren, put some plain pointed questions to them, seldom twice alike, or the devil will tempt them to get off their tale." But as the questions proposed at the band-meeting are stamped with authority, which those suggested by this author are not, I prefer taking them.

The band-meetings are for those who have made the highest attainments in grace. Of them Mr. Wesley says,—

"The design of our meetings is to obey that command of God, 'Confess your sins one to another, and pray for one another that ye may be healed.'

"Some of the questions proposed to every one before he is admitted among us, may be to this effect:

"1. Have you the forgiveness of your sins?

"2. Have you peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ?

"5. Has no sin, inward or outward, dominion over you?

"6. Do you desire to be told of your faults?

"7. Do you desire to be told *all* your faults, and that plain and home?

"8. Do you desire that every one of us should tell



you, from time to time, whatsoever is in our heart concerning you ?

“ 9. Consider : Do you desire we should tell you whatsoever we think, whatsoever we fear, whatsoever we hear, concerning you ?

“ 10. Do you desire that in doing so we should come as close as possible ; that we should cut to the quick, and search your heart to the bottom ?

“ 11. Is it your desire and design to be on this and all other occasions entirely open, so as to speak everything that is in your heart, without exception, without disguise, and without reserve ?

“ Any of the preceding questions may be asked as often as occasion offers : the four following at every meeting :—

“ 1. What known sins have you committed since our last meeting ?

“ 2. What temptations have you met with ?

“ 3. How were you delivered ?

“ 4. What have you thought, said, or done, of which you doubt whether it be sin or not ?”

Now, my dear reader, I do not wish to persuade thee that my heart was always pure, any more than thine has been. Just, therefore, ask yourself how you would answer these queries in the presence of some



dozen gossips? Perhaps you would do as I did—answer in general terms, and be very careful how you descended to particulars in questions two and three.

It is true that I sometimes resolved to *speak out*; and once in particular made up my mind to do so. I had spent an evening with one of the most bewitching little creatures that I ever saw. It was in a large and splendid house, and we were alone in it. Somehow I forgot my usual gravity, and we were as merry as crickets. Once, excited by her beauty and freedom, I was sorely tempted to transgress the bounds of decorum; and, perhaps, was only saved by the ringing of a bell. I went to the meeting on Sunday, resolved to confess all the wickedness of my heart, and when the leader said, ‘Well, brother, what particular temptations have you had since our last meeting, and how were you delivered?’ I thought I would tell all; and I began by saying that I had been in heaviness through manifold temptations, that the flesh and spirit had been warring against each other, etc. I could not descend to particulars, however; so I said that by coming to God, corrupt and imperfect as I was, and trusting in the merits of Christ, I had experienced some times of refreshing coming from His presence, and was now able to rejoice in a crucified Saviour.

I need scarcely tell thee, my dear reader, that this was altogether equivocation and deceit; for it was only in the hope of ridding myself of an embarrassed state of mind that I thought of confessing at all. The forbidden object being removed far from me.

I fancy I see you curl your lip, and say ‘Hypocrite!’ But stop: ten to one if you had done better yourself. And as to telling the real state of your mind in a class-meeting, depend upon it, it is quite out of the question. During the last twelve years I have known hundreds of Methodists, and heard scores of them profess to speak their experience in class-meetings, love-feasts, etc., and I do not believe that any twenty of them ever spoke the whole truth. Nor was it likely they should; for if they had done so, it would have formed a theme for all the gossips in the neighbourhood.

Hypocrisy, two-facedness, and Methodism, have become almost synonymous terms. Nor can this be otherwise, while lying or equivocation is practised weekly in the class-meetings. Every tree bringeth forth its own fruit; and the fruit of this constant temptation to duplicity is the destruction of all reverence for truth.

But although I felt and knew this, still I did not leave Methodism without the deepest inward struggles. I did not believe in the doctrine of Justification by

Faith alone, but the old idea that our salvation depended on the belief of some of the orthodox notions still clung to me. Hence the years of suffering which I endured.


One word to those who have only seen the exterior of Methodism, and I shall close this chapter. You often hear Methodists speaking of their happiness, but this is altogether a mistake ; the outward and visible signs are a faithful index of its inward, gloomy, morose, and melancholy condition. I speak not from mere hearsay : I have *lived* a Methodist, and have visited scores of them in prosperity and in adversity, in sickness and in health ; and, taking them all in all, I believe there is not a more miserable set of people to be found, and the reason is obvious : they are at war with the principles of human nature. The majority have, in a word, just enough of their religion to unfit them for this world, and too much doubt and fear to be happy in the prospect of another.

## CHAPTER XIV.

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### MY EXPERIENCE CONTINUED.

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 CONCLUDED a paragraph, some pages back, by saying that, having become an exile from Methodism, I wandered among other sects to see if I could find anything more substantial with any of them; and if the reader will pardon this very long parenthesis, I will now add a few remarks on these matters.

It was during my wanderings of this kind that I fell in with the Primitive Methodists; and a noted preacher of theirs, 'The Old Soldier,' being about to preach in the neighbourhood, I went to hear him.

The Old Soldier, then, was a noted preacher; not perhaps so much for his talents as his oddities, which were innumerable. The old man had fifty sermons—

or rather fifty texts—which he always threw into his hat, and the first that came out was preached ; he always believing that the Lord had chosen that subject.

There was one matter of regret to the old man's friends, namely, his constantly mistaking, and consequently confounding, the various authors of the bible ; thus, for instance, a quotation from Moses, he would perhaps attribute to St. Peter, or any other saint or prophet. His manner of citing the scriptures was somewhat as follows : 'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth, says Malachi ;' 'get thee behind me, Satan, as Paul says,' etc. A lady undertook to cure the old man of this, and told him he had better avoid mentioning the names altogether, and use such expressions as these : 'the scripture saith,' 'the good man says,' etc. This he consented to ; and when in the midst of a sermon he had to quote the expression of Satan in the book of Job, he did it as follows : 'Skin for skin, yea all that a man hath will he not give for his life, as the good man says !'

The sermon which I heard that evening, however, was on the conversion of Cornelius, and was composed of such sayings as the following, which I have set down verbatim. 'Cornelius feared the Lord with all his house ; I don't mean that the chairs and the table,

the poker and tongs, the knives and forks, the clock and dresser, feared the Lord ; no, Cornelius and all the folks in his house feared the Lord. Do you and all the folks in your houses fear the Lord ?—And then the Holy Ghost fell on them ; they were all filled with the Holy Ghost.—Have you received the Holy Ghost ? Perhaps you will ask me if I have : yes, glory be to God, I received it many years since in Ireland, between two sand hills ; and, praise the Lord, I've got it now.' 'Glory be to God, and so have I too,' said E. Tink. 'Glory, glory, praise the Lord,' responded a host of others. 'Send it down upon us now Lord,' said old J. Estleke. 'Amen, Amen ;' 'hallelujah,' shouted a host of others. 'Ha, ha, ha, I've got it now, I've got it now,' responded T. Grills.

After the Old Soldier had concluded his very edifying sermon, I was called upon to pray, and did so ; but I had no sooner begun, than there was such an outcry of 'Amen,' 'Bless the Lord,' 'Glory be to God,' etc., that my voice was entirely drowned, and for a short time I could not hear myself speak. This did not suit me, and I felt such a disgust at shouting and ranting, that I avoided the Primitives ever after.

I was not long enough with these people to determine what the moral influence of Ranterism may be



upon the people ; but as it appeared to be nothing more than Methodism run mad, I should not expect much from it. Their system of missionizing is the most degrading to their ministers imaginable, as the following extract from the journal of one of them will show :—

‘21st Oct., 1838.—Opened the wicked, popish city of Canterbury. If the first Christian Missionaries commenced here to wave Calvary’s flag, as we are told they did, what shall we say to this fact, that after upwards of one thousand years’ preaching, darkness, such as devils feel issuing from the pit of hell, fills the place. Puseyitish Churchmen, formal Wesleyans, a few Baptists, soul-damning Unitarians, filthy Antinomians, dead, money-loving Quakers, and rich, quiet Independents, doing a little for God. The Primitives have spoiled this place by missionizing it in the old, mean, bread-hunting way. Instead of the Committee (who send out a minister to mission a place) giving him a few pounds to secure him comfortable lodgings, and standing by him until he raises a church sufficiently strong to support him, he is warned not to bring in a meat bill ; therefore he often takes up his abode with the lowest. The devil generally contrives to send some low character to invite him home to eat and lodge, that he may curse his influence in the place, and thus lay a sandy foundation for him to build upon. I have been appointed at places where the preachers have been stationed out at different houses every day, hunting for a meal like workhouse paupers. Sometimes when they have gone to the *friend’s* house who had engaged to take them in, the house



‘was shut up, or they were washing, or had company, etc., and  
 ‘the poor preacher was told *he might come another day!* So he  
 ‘had to *hunt for his bread elsewhere.* When I went to Sheerness  
 ‘I found this insulting, wicked, degrading, anti-scriptural plan.  
 ‘was in full force, but I succeeded in scattering it to the winds.\*  
 ‘How ministers of Jesus can submit to such *worse than pauperism*  
 ‘I cannot tell; but this I know, that such a system has ruined  
 ‘many useful ministers; nay, such a plan would curse the influ-  
 ‘ence of an angel.’

Judging by outward appearances, I thought the broad brim and respectable drab of the Friends promised as quiet a place to sit down in as any that I could see; so that I had what some of them call a ‘drawing’ to their chapel, and to it I went.

Now I had resolved not to do the same thing again by any other ism as I had by Methodism. I became a Methodist first, learnt its doctrines afterwards, and found out, to my unspeakable sorrow, that under a dread of hell I had rested my hopes on cunningly devised fables. My resolution was to examine first, and profess afterwards this time, so I went to the chapel; but as nobody said anything, I came away again, nothing the wiser for going.

\* The quarterly lodgings and meat bills for each of the unmarried travelling preachers shall not exceed £2 10s.—See *Primitive Methodist Minutes of Conference for 1843; page 25.*

Several times did I go through this very solemn process. I do not know that I disliked it; but to one who was anxious to learn the mode of tuition, it appeared rather questionable. At length I was favoured to hear a speech. A substantial looking old gentleman, in brown broad-cloth, rose, and having laid aside his hat, commenced speaking; but as there appeared to me to be neither good nor harm, 'head nor tail' to what he said, I was not sorry when he sat down again. After this a remarkably thin man, in drabs and gaiters, sung a prayer, and the meeting terminated.

Finding I was not likely to get much inward light by what I heard with the outward ears, I began to try what could be acquired by reading.

For some months I read little else but the writings of Quakers. It was a new world to me; and I became acquainted with some of their best authors, such as Fox, Sewell, Bates, etc., and was bidding fair to become a candidate for the broad-brim, when I happened to stumble on the works of Penn.

Like many a man who finds himself very near falling, I had resolved to stand firm on certain important positions. A consciousness that I was on no very orthodox ground in rejecting the doctrine of original sin, made me rather resolute in asserting that of the

Trinity and Atonement. I took the precaution, therefore, to see that the Friends were sound upon these points, and having consulted the '*Book of Extracts*' and found them all right, I proceeded, without the least suspicion of the 'breakers a-head,' to embark on the sea of their divinity, and almost spelt over the words, thinking there must be some typographical error in Penn's '*Sandy Foundation Shaken*' when he says: "with great brevity I have discussed, and endeavoured a total enervation of those cardinal points and chief doctrines so firmly believed, and continually imposed for articles of Christian faith.

"1. The Trinity of separate persons in the unity of essence.

"2. God's incapacity to forgive without the fullest satisfaction paid him by another.

"3. A justification of impure persons, by an imputative righteousness. Which principles, let me tell thee, reader, are not more repugnant to scripture, reason, and soul-security, than most destructive to God's honour, in his unity, mercy, and purity."

As Penn's refutation of the doctrine of the Trinity 'from right reason,' (see '*Sandy Foundation Shaken*,' p. 6,) was the cause of my first examining that doctrine, and as it is very brief, I shall here subjoin it:—

‘THE DOCTRINE OF THE TRINITY REFUTED FROM RIGHT REASON.

‘1. If there be three distinct and separate persons, then  
 ‘three distinct and separate substances, because every person is  
 ‘inseparable from its own substance; and as there is no person  
 ‘that is not a substance in common acceptation among men, so  
 ‘do the Scriptures plentifully agree herein; and since the  
 ‘Father is God, the Son is God, and the Spirit is God (which  
 ‘their opinion necessitates them to confess), then, unless the  
 ‘Father, Son, and Spirit are three distinct nothings, they must  
 ‘be three distinct substances, and consequently three distinct  
 ‘Gods.

‘2. It is farther proved, if it be considered, that either the  
 ‘Divine persons are finite or infinite; if the first, then some-  
 ‘thing inseparable to the infinite substance, whereby something  
 ‘finite is in God; if the last, then three distinct Infinities, three  
 ‘Omnipotents, three Eternals, and so three Gods.

‘3. If each person be God, and that God subsists in three  
 ‘persons, then in each person are three persons or Gods, and  
 ‘from three, they will increase to nine, and so *ad infinitum*.

‘4. But if they shall deny the three persons, or subsistences  
 ‘to be infinite (for so there would unavoidably be three Gods),  
 ‘it will follow that they must be finite, and so the absurdity is  
 ‘not abated from what it was; for that of one substance having  
 ‘three substances, is not greater than that an infinite Being  
 ‘should have three finite modes of subsisting.

‘5. Again; if these three distinct persons are one with some  
 ‘one thing, as they say they are with the Godhead, then are not  
 ‘they incommunicable among themselves; but so much the con-  
 ‘trary, as to be one in the place of another: for if that the only  
 ‘God is the Father, and Christ be that only God, then is Christ

‘the Father. So if that one God be the Son, and the Spirit  
 ‘that one God, then is the Spirit the Son, and so round. Nor  
 ‘is it possible to stop, or that it should be otherwise; since if  
 ‘the Divine Nature be inseparable from the three persons, or  
 ‘communicated to each, and each person have the whole Divine  
 ‘nature, then is the Son in the Father, and the Spirit in the  
 ‘Son, unless that the Godhead be as incommunicable to the  
 ‘persons as they are reported to be among themselves; or that  
 ‘the three persons have distinctly allotted them such a propor-  
 ‘tion of the Divine Nature as is not communicable to each  
 ‘other; which is alike absurd. Much more might be said to  
 ‘manifest the gross contradiction of this Trinitarian doctrine,  
 ‘as vulgarly received; but I must be brief.’

If, however, there was one doctrine more than another to which I had determined to adhere, it was what Penn calls ‘the vulgar doctrine of satisfaction.’ I felt, therefore, some alarm at his fifteen arguments against it, and was driven to utter despair by the following absurdities that unavoidably follow the comparison of this doctrine with the sense of scripture.

‘1. That God is gracious to forgive, and yet ’tis impossible  
 ‘for him, unless the debt be fully satisfied.

‘2. That the finite and impotent creature is more capable of  
 ‘extending mercy and forgiveness, than the Infinite and Omni-  
 ‘potent Creator.

‘3. That God so loved the world, that he gave his only Son  
 ‘to save it; and yet that God stood off in high displeasure, and

‘ Christ gave himself to God as a complete satisfaction to his  
 ‘ offended justice ; with many more such like gross consequences  
 ‘ that might be drawn.

‘ REFUTED FROM RIGHT REASON.

‘ But if we should grant a Scripture-silence as to the neces-  
 ‘ sity of Christ’s so satisfying his father’s justice ; yet so manifest  
 ‘ would be the contradictions and foul the repugnances to right  
 ‘ reason, that he who had not veiled his understanding with the  
 ‘ dark suggestions of unwarrantable tradition, or contracted his  
 ‘ judgment to the implicit apprehensions of some over-valued  
 ‘ acquaintance, might with great facility discriminate to a full  
 ‘ resolution in this point ; for admitting God to be a creditor,  
 ‘ or he to whom the debt should be paid, and Christ he that  
 ‘ satisfies or pays it on behalf of man, the debtor, this question  
 ‘ will arise, whether he paid that debt as God, or man, or both  
 ‘ (to use their own terms).

‘ NOT AS GOD.

· 1. In that it divides the unity of the Godhead, by two dis-  
 ‘ tinct acts, of being offended and not offended ; of condemning  
 ‘ justice and redeeming mercy ; of requiring a satisfaction and  
 ‘ then making it.

‘ 2. Because if Christ pays the debt as God, then the Father  
 ‘ and the Spirit being God, they also pay the debt.

‘ 3. Since God is to be satisfied, and that Christ is God, he  
 ‘ consequently is to be satisfied ; and who shall satisfy *his* infi-  
 ‘ nite justice ?

‘ 4. But if Christ has satisfied God the Father, Christ being  
 ‘ also God, it will follow then that he has satisfied himself,  
 ‘ (which cannot be).

‘ 5. But since God the Father was once to be satisfied, and



‘that it is impossible he should do it himself, nor yet the Son  
 ‘or Spirit, because the same God; it naturally follows that the  
 ‘debt remains unpaid, and these satisfactionists, thus far, are  
 ‘still at a loss.

‘NOT AS MAN.

· 6. The justice offended being infinite, his satisfaction ought  
 ‘to bear a proportion therewith, which Jesus Christ, as man,  
 ‘could never pay, he being finite, and from a finite cause could  
 ‘not proceed an infinite effect; for so man may be said to bring  
 ‘forth God, since nothing below the divinity itself can rightly  
 ‘be styled infinite.

‘NOT AS GOD AND MAN.

‘7. For where two mediums, or middle propositions, are  
 ‘singly inconsistent with the nature of the end for which they  
 ‘were at first propounded, their conjunction does rather augment  
 ‘than lessen the difficulty of its accomplishment; and this I am  
 ‘persuaded must be obvious to every unbiassed understanding.

‘But admitting one of these three mediums possible for the  
 ‘payment of an infinite debt; yet pray observe the most  
 ‘unworthy and ridiculous consequences that unavoidably will  
 ‘attend the impossibility of God’s pardoning sinners without a  
 ‘satisfaction.

‘CONSEQUENCES, IRRELIGIOUS AND IRRATIONAL.

‘1. That it is unlawful and impossible for God Almighty to  
 ‘be gracious and merciful, or to pardon transgressors; than  
 ‘which, what is more unworthy of God?

‘2. That God was inevitably compelled to this way of saving  
 ‘men; the highest affront to his uncontrollable nature.

‘3. That it is unworthy of God to pardon, but not to inflict  
 ‘punishment on the innocent, or to require a satisfaction where  
 ‘there was nothing due.



‘ 4. It doth not only dis-acknowledge the true virtue and real  
‘ intent of Christ’s life and death, but entirely deprives God of  
‘ that praise which is owing to his greatest love and goodness.

‘ 5. It represents the Son more kind and compassionate than  
‘ the Father ; whereas, if both be the same God, then either the  
‘ Father is as loving as the Son, or the Son as angry as the  
‘ Father.

‘ 6. It robs God of the gift of his Son for our redemption,  
‘ (which the Scriptures attribute to the unmerited love he had  
‘ for the world), in affirming the Son purchased that redemption  
‘ from the Father, by the gift of himself to God, as our com-  
‘ plete satisfaction.

‘ 7. Since Christ could not pay what was not his own, it fol-  
‘ lows that in the payment of his own, the case still remains  
‘ equally grievous ; since the debt is not hereby absolved or for-  
‘ given, but transferred only ; and by consequence we are no  
‘ better provided for salvation than before, owing that now to  
‘ the Son which was once owing to the Father.

‘ 8. It in no way renders man beholden or in the least obliged  
‘ to God, since by their doctrine he would not have abated us,  
‘ nor did he Christ, the last farthing, so that the acknowledge-  
‘ ments are peculiarly the Son’s ; which destroys the whole  
‘ current of Scripture testimony for his good will towards  
‘ men.—O, the infamous portraiture this doctrine draws of  
‘ the infinite goodness ! Is this your retribution, *O injurious*  
‘ *satisfactionists* ?

‘ 9. That God’s justice is satisfied for sins past, present, and  
‘ to come, whereby God and Christ have lost both their power  
‘ of enjoining godliness, and their prerogative of punishing dis-  
‘ obedience ; for what is once paid is not revokeable ; and if

‘punishment should arrest any for their debts, it either argues  
 ‘a breach on God or Christ’s part, or else that it has not been  
 ‘sufficiently solved, and the penalty completely sustained by  
 ‘another; forgetting, ‘That every one must appear before the  
 ‘judgment seat of Christ, to receive according to the things  
 ‘done in the body.’—Rom. xiv. 12. ‘Yea, every one must give  
 ‘an account of himself to God.’—2 Cor. xv. 40. But many more  
 ‘are the gross absurdities and blasphemies that are the genuine  
 ‘fruits of this so confidently believed *doctrine of satisfaction*.’

I found this so utterly indigestible, that it produced a sceptical fever, and I gave up all hope of finding a resting place among the Friends.

I regretted for some time that I could not be a Quaker; there was that simplicity in their general manners and conversation, and patient perseverance in carrying out their views, that in spite of their quaint antiquated forms, and the absurdity of some of their doctrines, I had, and still have, the deepest respect for them as a religious body. Their practical doctrines are founded in eternal truth and reason, but beyond this their divinity is a strange monument of the fanatical conceits of the puritanic age.

Having abandoned the idea of wearing the broad-brim, the next people that I sought acquaintance with was the Plymouth Brethren. No ordinary class of saints either. They hold the very comfortable creed

that they are the saints, or elect, who are 'gathered out' from all the other religious bodies ; and that when the whole of the faithful have been gathered into one fold, the rest of the unsaved world will be delivered over to destruction.

The whole of their faith and practice is tinged with this spiritual egotism, which seems to pervade their whole being. Their usual mode of salutation is, 'Are you a believer?' If you can answer in the affirmative, you have the right hand of fellowship extended immediately ; if not, however, you are passed by as a reprobate, and fit fuel to augment the fire of hell.

In spite of this creed, which I never had any idea of believing, I thought it possible that I might unite with them. They professed to admit believers of all kinds into their society, and I was seeking for communion with those who were searching after truth and practising righteousness, caring little where I found them. I soon discovered, however, that they were not Plymouth Brethren. Not that they had not amongst them many who may be ranked among the highest examples of Christian excellence ; but, uniting with these, they have a large company of the vilest hypocrites that ever lived.

On the very threshold I was repelled by the condi-

tion that I must give up everything but Christ, and consider myself the vilest of the human race, and rest wholly on the 'merits' of his 'blood' for salvation. It would be considered a satire or libel upon these people if I gave a full account of my discussions with them : I prefer therefore to pass on.

During the time I was considering about the Plymouth Brethren, I preached several times for the Baptists, and some of them appeared anxious that I should join their body. But besides their Calvinistic dogmas, which it was impossible for me to swallow, I never could reconcile myself to the notion of being dipped ; and as there was no chance of a saintship without, I was finally obliged to decline the proffered honour.

The next establishment at which I called was that of the Salemites. They are a very small body of people, and have not been in existence many years. I think (if my memory serves me right) that they originated with, and are still principally upheld by, a Mr. Starke, of Torquay, who seems to have been cut out for a Swedenborgian, but to have been rather spoiled in making up. I speak now simply of the theological system which he has propounded ; for I found them very kind, and the most liberal people I met with.

There was one thing between us rather remarkable. We had set out from nearly the same point, and had in many things arrived at the same conclusion. For instance, we originally believed in the usually received dogmas of the Trinity, Atonement, and Original Sin; but had, by simply searching the Scriptures, been led to give up those doctrines, and, rather against the grain, had become Unitarians. Kindred views and sympathies thus drew us into friendship; and I think it likely that I should have united with them, had they not been a church of one idea, that '*all* prophecy is fulfilled.' One of their principal preachers, Mr. Wilkinson, of Exeter, used to put it in this way:—'If all prophecy be not fulfilled, we are altogether wrong, and had better give up at once: but if this be the case, then we are right, the point is decided, and we have nothing more to say.' It was this continual harping upon one string that negatived all their efforts to do good. They are, or were when I knew them, mere controversialists on this one point; and finding this their whole stock in trade, I passed on without dealing.

I felt like a tired wretch seeking lodgings in a town where everybody had resolved not to accommodate him, in thus going from one establishment to another; and was sometimes almost sorry that I had

quitted my old Methodistic quarters, narrow and uncomfortable as they were; but I could never think of these things, and of a possibility of my returning again, without feelings quite as acute as ever Captain Cuttle experienced when recollecting Mrs. Mc Stinger's lodgings. I always ended in being more confirmed in my scepticism; for, dreary as it was to be alone, it was better to be so than to go to prison to get company.

Like a resolute old bachelor who has found an impediment to his being joined to any young lady in the circle of his acquaintance, and who in desperation finally resolves to be united to his cook or housemaid, never dreaming of a refusal in that quarter, I now made my final effort,—proffered myself to a body who had neither wealth, talent, nor education; and not only so, but that were deformed by many fanatical excrescences. Nevertheless I paid my addresses, was very kindly received, and, as they depended on my conversion, many of them boasted of the acquisition which they had made to their little church.

For the first month or six weeks everything went well. I preached and gave a lecture or two, and was to teach one class reading, another writing, etc. But 'the course of true love never did run smooth;' for going with the principal members of the church to a



tea-garden one day, and they being willing to turn the occasion to the best advantage, the minister and principal layman undertook to enlighten me upon some points of theology, such as the fall of man and the vicarious sufferings of Christ. We fell into discussion ; and as neither of them had studied the subjects, but merely talked them over like parrots, it was no wonder I had the best of the argument ; neither was it strange that they were displeased about it, and denounced me as a confirmed infidel, declaring that I had never been enlightened, and that I would draw men to perdition. Thus terminated all real friendship between the ' Bible Christians ' and the Pilgrim.

Like George Fox, ' then, at the command of God, on the ninth day of the sixth month, I separated myself from all sects who publicly profess religion ; and began to seek in the depth of my own soul for light and peace, which for ten years I had been seeking among sects, but had not found.'

## CHAPTER XV.

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### MY EXPERIENCE CONTINUED.

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**T**HE reader will have collected from what has been already said, that my notions on many important theological subjects had undergone a change; and I am now about to give a slight sketch of my pilgrimage through the labyrinth of 'orthodox theology,' beginning with the dogma of the Trinity. But tread softly, gentle reader, we are about to pass through the 'devil's grip.'

Hark! we are already under the 'ban.' The mystery that has been hid for ages must now be scrutinized by our polluted eyes. Anathema maranatha, has been pronounced against us. Holy Fathers once assembled in solemn councils, decreed once and for ever the limits of our faith; they defined the incomprehensible, and

said to the inquisitive and progressive genius of man, hitherto shalt thou come and no further; chained reason to the stake of mystery, and threatened it with the scourges of eternal damnation if ever it attempted to break its fetters. Let us hear them:—

‘Whoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic faith; which faith, except every one do keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly. And the Catholic faith is this, that we worship one God in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity.’

Our Westminster divines say: ‘There are three persons in the Godhead: the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one God; the same in substance, equal in power and glory.’ Again, the creed says: ‘The Father is made of none, neither created nor begotten. The Son is of the Father alone, not made nor created, but begotten. The Holy Ghost is of the Father and Son, neither made nor created, but proceeding:’ and that ‘Our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is God and Man; equal to the Father as touching his Godhead, inferior to the Father as touching his manhood.’

Now, my dear reader, as I knew no more than you do, I asked its supporters the meaning of this jar gon

and if they could find it either in reason or scripture. Mr. Hughes, Roman Catholic Priest, said, ' My belief in the Trinity is based on the authority of the Church ; no other authority is sufficient.' I will now show from reason that the Athanasian Creed and Scripture are opposed to one another. The doctrine of the Trinity is this: there is One God in Three Persons, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. The Father is God, the Son is God, and the Holy Ghost is God. Mind, the Father is one person, the Son is another Person, and the Holy Ghost is another person ; now according to every principle of mathematics, arithmetic, human wisdom and policy, there must be three Gods ; for no person could say there are three persons, each possessing the infinite attributes of God, and yet only one God. The Athanasian Creed gives the universal opinion of the church: that the Father is uncreated, the Son uncreated, and the Holy Ghost uncreated ; that they existed from all eternity. Now the Son was born of the Father ; and if born, must have been created, (*i. e.* produced) ; the Holy Ghost likewise, as he came from the Father and the Son ; and if created, there must have been a time when they did not exist. If did not exist as the *first cause*, they must have been created ; and to assert that they are eternal is absurd.

and bangs nonsense. Each has his distinct personality, each has his own essence. How, then, can they be one eternal? How can *each* be *all* God? Absurd! extravagant! This is rejected by Arians, Socinians, Presbyterians, and every man following human reason. The creed further says, that our Lord Jesus Christ is the Son of God and of man: 'Not by the conversion of the Godhead into flesh, but by taking the manhood into God.' Now, I ask you, did the divinity absorb the manhood? He could not, at the same time, be three persons and one person. I have now proved the Trinity opposed to human reason.

So much for reason, now for scripture. Let us now attend to our orthodox Protestant divines, and hear what they have to say on the matter. Can they find it in the Old Testament? Bishop Burnett says: 'take the Old Testament without the New, and it must be confessed it will not be easy to prove this article [the Trinity] from it.' Stenchus Eugubinus assures us that the Old Testament is designedly silent concerning the Trinity; and Dr. South says, 'there is no text in it that plainly and expressly holds forth a Trinity of persons in the Godhead.' But if the Old Testament be 'designedly silent,' is it revealed in the gospels? And here too we must take an orthodox reply. What says Sol-

meron? 'Christ did not receive testimony of the Evangelists that he was God.' The Tracts for the Times tell us 'it was our Lord's divinity which we have seen he studiously concealed, but wished all men to come to the knowledge of.' And Dr. Longley, Bishop of Ripon, says, 'it would be unreasonable to expect that this doctrine [the Trinity in Unity] should have been fully revealed till the day of Pentecost.' That it was not revealed then, Peter's sermon is a conclusive proof: 'Ye men of Israel, hear these words; Jesus of Nazareth, a MAN approved of God amongst you by miracles, and wonders, and signs, *which God did by him* in the midst of you all, as ye also know.' And it is a remarkable fact, that in all the sermons which Peter delivered, as recorded in the book of Acts, though possessed of the keys of the kingdom of heaven, he is never once said to have unlocked this mystery. And not only Peter, but Stephen, Philip, James and Paul all omitted this important doctrine in their discourses. They declared in Jerusalem that Jesus Christ was a man approved of God, and that they [the Jews] were his betrayers and murderers. In Cæsarea, 'How God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Spirit, and with power, who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil,



for God was with him.' At Antioch, 'Be it known unto you, that through this MAN is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins.' At Corinth, 'That as by MAN came death, by MAN also came the resurrection of the dead.' And at Athens, 'That God had appointed a day in the which he will judge the world in righteousness, by that MAN whom he hath ordained.' But if Moses, the Prophets, Evangelists and Apostles omitted to inform the people that Jesus Christ was 'very God of very God, begotten not made, being of one substance with the Father,' did it burst forth in the epistles like the rays of morning over the darkness which preceded it? Dr. A. Clarke says, 'St. Paul, in his epistles, has declared nothing which cannot be found in the gospel by Matthew.' G. Townsend is of the same opinion: 'We must not,' says he, 'regard the epistles as communications of religious doctrine not disclosed before.' And Dr. Hampden remarks that 'the epistles clearly imply that the work of salvation is done.'

But if it be not in the separate parts of the scripture, can it be found in them as a whole? 'I believe,' says Newman, 'the most accurate consideration of the subject will lead to acquiesce in the statement as a general truth, that the doctrines in question (viz. the Trinity,

Incarnation, and Atonement) have never been learned merely from scripture: surely the sacred volume was never intended and is not adapted to teach us our creed.' 'Where,' ask the Oxford divines, 'is this solemn and comfortable mystery (the Trinity) formally stated in the scriptures, as we find it in the creeds; why is it not?'

Hitherto, kind reader, I have been quite orthodox, having quoted two heretics only, viz., Peter and Paul. I stated the doctrine in orthodox terms, and asked, Is it rational? and one Trinitarian writer told me, 'No! absurd, extravagant, and bangs nonsense, and condemned by every principle of human wisdom and policy.' I asked, 'was it revealed to Moses and the Prophets?' and a bishop, a doctor, and another of the same school told me, 'No!' 'Is it in the gospels then?' said I: 'No,' said a host of divines; 'quite unreasonable to expect it before the day of Pentecost,' rejoined a bishop. 'Very well,' said I, 'I will keep a sharp look out for it then;' but after looking through the Acts of the Apostles, I concluded that the *dramatis personæ* introduced there were not orthodox, and was about to proceed to the epistles, when Dr. A. Clarke assured me that I might as well look for it in the gospel by Matthew. 'Why,' I muttered, 'a Right Rev. Father in God

has himself told me it was not there.' 'You are right, Dr. Clarke,' said Townsend and Hampden, 'it is not in the epistles.' Growing sceptical, I asked, 'Is it in the bible at all?' 'No,' said Newman and Co., 'not in the bible, but in the traditions and creeds.' Puzzled at this point, I asked, 'what shall I do now?' 'Search carefully every text, dig for it as for hidden treasure,' was the reply. 'Well, I have done this also.' Dr. J. Pye Smith, after numerous translations and criticisms, supplied me with twelve or thirteen texts in the New Testament, in which the term God is applied to Jesus Christ; Mr. Carlile gives only eleven; Dr. Dwight and Professor Stuart nine; while Dr. Wardlaw adduces no more than eight. We begin then with 1 John, v. 7: 'For there are Three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these Three are One.' 'That is one passage,' said I. 'No,' says Dr. A. Clarke, 'it stands on no authority sufficient to authenticate any part of a revelation professing to have come from God;' and in looking I found that it never was in any Greek M.S. prior to the fifteenth century, nor in any Latin M.S. earlier than the ninth century; and that it is not found in any of the ancient versions, and that Luther, Erasmus, Colinæus, Zuinglius, and Griesbach, all thought it a forgery.

Having lost this text I took another—John i. 1 : ‘ In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.’ ‘ Does this prove the point?’ said I. ‘ Oh, by no means,’ said a host of divines. The words of one, however, will be sufficient : ‘ This,’ says he, ‘ is the only thing I can regard as certain respecting this passage, that it never could have been written by an Athanasian. In order to test this assertion, it is not necessary to look beyond the first verse ; and before we read it, let us allow the Trinitarian to choose any sense he pleases of the word “ God,” which is its leading term. Let us suppose that he accepts it here as meaning the Father, and that “ the Word” or *Logos*, means God the Son. With these substitutions the verse reads thus : “ In the beginning was the Son, and the Son was with the Father, and the Son was the Father.” This surely is to confound the Persons. Let us then suppose the meaning different, and the whole Godhead or Trinity to be denoted by the word “ God,” it would then read thus : “ In the beginning was the Son, and the Son was with the Trinity, and the Son was the Trinity.” We are not nearer to consistency than before.’

I now turned to 1 Timothy iii. 16 : ‘ God was manifested in the flesh,’ etc. But here Sir Isaac Newton

and a host of learned divines told me, that the word 'God' was doubtful, and that 'who' was the proper reading, which quite altered the sense of the passage. Finding that some of the best manuscripts, namely the Alexandrian and the Ephrem, supported this opinion,—that the Claremont reads 'that which,'—while the Vatican is mutilated,—I abandoned this also.

Turning to Revelations i. 8: 'I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord; which is, and which was, and which is to come, saith the Almighty;' I found it no better proof. J. J. Gurney says: 'it must be allowed, especially if if Griesbach be taken for our guide, that these are the words of God, even the Father.'

Hebrews i. 8, next attracted my notice: 'Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever.' But here, too, commentators and translators assured us that the passage should read 'God is thy throne,' etc.; and finding that Dr. Adam Clarke had acknowledged its justness, and that the translators of Griesbach so rendered it, I put this also in the list of doubtful.

The exclamation of Thomas (John xx. 28) occurred to my mind. But here both Michaelis and Dr. Bloomfield told me that it was no proof of our Lord's divinity. Kuinoel says: 'Others justly observe that Thomas

used the term God in the sense in which it is applied to kings and judges, who were considered as representatives of the Deity, and pre-eminently so the Messiah.' (See Psalms lxxii. 6, 7 ; xlv. 6, 7 ; cx. 1 ; John x. 35.) Beza says, 'these words were an exclamation. My Lord and my God, how great is thy power!' Theodore appears to have been of the same opinion.

'Once more,' said I, 'and if no more successful here, I will give it up.' Romans ix. 5 had caught my eye: 'Of whom concerning the flesh Christ came, who is over all, God blessed for ever. Amen.' But here I was no less rebuffed. Let the kind reader judge what my surprise was, when I found the following remarks of Erasmus on this text:—'Those who contend,' says he, 'that in this text Christ is clearly termed God, either place little dependence in other passages of Scripture, deny all understanding to the Arians, or pay scarcely any attention to the style of the Apostle. A similar passage occurs in 2 Corinthians ix. 13:—*"The God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is blessed for ever ;"* the latter clause being restricted to the Father.' Vater says, 'It is begging the question to say otherwise ;' and Bucer, Le Clerc, Grotius, and Wetstein, 'God, who is over all, be blessed for ever.' I was about to proceed, when Mr. Locke told me that



‘there is scarcely one text alleged by the Trinitarians which is not otherwise expounded by their own writers.’ ‘Then good-bye to authority!’ was my exclamation, ‘I will now turn to the word and doctrine itself.’

In turning to the New Testament, I find that the word ‘God’ is applied to a being distinct from Christ one thousand three hundred and twenty-six times; to Christ thirteen times. Of these thirteen, five only can be declared genuine, two being ambiguous, two alleged, two probable, and two supplied by the translators. The same word is applied to divine messengers twice: ‘Is it not written in your law, I said ye are gods?’ If those be called gods to whom the word of God came,’ etc. John, x. 35. And the same word is applied to heathen deities, either in the singular or plural, eleven times.

Leaving the scriptures, I made a few historical enquiries, and was surprised to find that a great number, if not all, the first Christians were Unitarians; and this circumstance exposed them to no little contempt by their more orthodox successors. Flacius Illyricus says, ‘the christian writers who lived soon after Christ and his apostles, discoursed like philosophers on the law and its moral precepts, and of the nature of virtue and vice; but they were totally ignorant of man’s

natural corruption, the mysteries of the gospel, and Christ's benefits.' His countryman, Jerome, he says, 'was well skilled in the languages, and endeavoured to explain the scriptures by versions and commentaries; but after all, he was able to do but very little, being ignorant of the human disease, and of Christ the physician, and wanting both the key of scripture and the Lamb of God to open it to him.'

The same Flacius, or some other learned writer of his time, observes concerning Eusebius, bishop of Cæsarea, that 'it is a very low and imperfect description which he gives of a christian—making him *only* a man who, by the knowledge of Christ and his doctrine, is brought to the worship of the one true God, and the practice of sobriety, righteousness, patience, and other virtues, but hath not a word about regeneration or imputed righteousness.'

I cannot forbear adding what Dr. Lardner very pertinently subjoins to this quotation: 'poor, ignorant, primitive christians, I wonder how they could find the way to heaven! They lived near the time of Christ and his apostles. They highly valued and diligently read the holy scriptures, and some of them wrote commentaries upon them; but yet it seems they knew little or nothing of their religion, though they embraced

and professed it with the manifest hazard of all earthly good things, and many of them laid down their lives rather than renounce it. Truly we of these times are very happy in our orthodoxy; but I wish that we did more excel in those virtues which they and the scriptures likewise, I think, recommend as the distinguishing properties of a christian; and I am not a little apprehensive that many things which now make a fair show amongst us, and in which we mightily pride ourselves, will in the end prove weeds only, on which the owner of the ground sets no value.\*

I also discovered that when the Platonic philosophers became Christians, they sought to blend their old philosophy with their new religion. And calling the *Logos* of Plato and Philo the 'Son of God,' they in process of time taught that he was God, and equal to the Father; but it was not until the Arian controversy that the Holy Ghost became Deified. It was then (in the third century) that the doctrine of the Trinity was made known to the world. 'Know then, my friend,' says Penn, 'it was born above three hundred years after the ancient Gospel was declared; and that through the nice distinctions, and too daring curiosity of the Bishop of Alexandria, who being as hotly

\* See Priestley's *Corruptions*, vol. II., page 211.

opposed by Arius, their zeal so reciprocally blew the fire of contention, animosity, and persecution, till at last they sacrificed each other to their mutual rage. Thus it was conceived in ignorance, and brought forth and maintained by cruelty; for though he that was strongest imposed his opinion, persecuting the contrary, yet the scale turning on the Trinitarian side, it has there continued through all the Romish generations.

Immediately on its introduction religion was prostituted to the state; heathenism amalgamated with christianity; the sword of steel substituted for the sword of the spirit; the worship of the Virgin, Saints, and Martyrs, followed in close succession to that of the Son and Holy Ghost. I read its pernicious fruits in the Aceldama that marked its progress; and while my eye was dazzled by the lurid glare of the martyrs' pile of Geneva and Smithfield, in the midst of the storms and the thunders of ecclesiastical persecution, I heard the 'still small voice' saying, 'come out of her, ye lovers of truth, that ye be not partakers of her sins.' I felt the foundations of orthodoxy tremble beneath the admissions of its own supporters. I felt the importance of that command, 'Thou shalt have no other God besides me;' and cheerfully declared with Paul, 'after the manner which these call heresy so worship I the God of my fathers.'

I have now one serious question to ask of my Methodist friends: what further should I have done when the highest authorities in the church had destroyed the very foundations of this doctrine? Every clever and candid man among them must have felt like Dr. Hey, late Norrisian professor of divinity in the University of Cambridge: 'My understanding,' says he, 'is involved in perplexity; my conceptions bewildered in the thickest darkness. I pause; I hesitate. I profess and proclaim my confusion in the most unequivocal manner. Did I pretend to understand what I say, I might be a Tritheist (a believer in Three Gods) or an infidel, but I could not worship the One true God, and acknowledge Jesus Christ to be Lord of all. \* \* \* It might tend to promote moderation, and in the end agreement, if we were on all occasions to represent our doctrine (concerning the Trinity) as wholly unintelligible.' Settle these points with your friends before you condemn me, and then explain the following pieces of theology, which I would fain hope are purely Wesleyan. I have selected them from your hymn book, beginning with the 24th hymn, in which the following expressions occur:—

'The Immortal hangs his languid brow,  
The Almighty faints beneath his load;  
Beneath my load He faints and dies.'

Hymn 28 has the following:—

‘O Love Divine, what hast Thou done,  
The Immortal God for me hath died.’

Hymn 254:—

‘Wash’d in the sanctifying blood  
Of an expiring Deity.’

Hymn 552:—

‘Earth’s profoundest centre quakes,—  
The Great Jehovah dies.’

Hymn 553:—

‘The rising God forsakes His tomb.’

This is what I call orthodoxy run mad. You will perhaps inform us, however, where we may find a parallel for it, either as nonsense or blasphemy. I have read the writings of several unbelievers, and am free to declare that I have seen nothing to equal it in Paine, Volney, or Carlile. That the feeble worms of creation should imagine that their Creator had committed self-immolation on their account, and that they had bathed in the fountain of his blood, is so intensely horrible, that nothing but the wildest most unthinking fanaticism could have conceived it; and yet I know that you who offer this jargon as ‘praise’ to our heavenly Father, sit in judgment upon me, and consign me to the tender mercy of eternal damnation, because I repudiate such blasphemous absurdities. Verily, the badge of heresy is honourable!



## CHAPTER XVI.

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MY EXPERIENCE CONTINUED.

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**ALTHOUGH** I had dared to look into the mystery of the Trinity, and to deny that fundamental dogma of orthodoxy, I had not yet disposed of the *horrible* portions of my theology; and was some time before I had sufficient courage to enter upon the Anatomy of the Devil, and the locality and condition of his residence. The reader must bear in mind, however, that his individuality was with me an unquestioned fact; and I should just as soon have questioned the existence of the Divinity as the *personality* of his Infernal Majesty. Like the frogs in Æsop's fable, when Jupiter gave them a log for a king, I first heard of him with fear and trembling; then with awe and mystery; then with an inquisitive feeling to

know who and what he was ; and finally with a sorrowful smile at my credulity for being so long frightened by a scare-crow, which seems to have been made for the express purpose of acting the part of Jack Ketch for all the priests and fanatics in the world.

For many years, then, I verily and indeed believed that the Devil did exist in all his ugliness. I thought him the cause of all the sin and suffering in the world, and hated him with a perfect hatred. I afterwards found, however, that this spirit of hatred to the devil had a bad effect upon my mind ; and I think this one of the causes of that churlish and vengeful spirit so prevalent among the Methodists. The embers of rancour are kept on fire for Satan, and are ever ready to burst into flame on any one who may perchance offend them. Call me uncharitable, kind reader, if you please ; but offend half a dozen Methodists, and if you do not find them the most implacable and unprincipled adversaries you ever had, then I am uncharitable.

Before doing so, however, take the following specimens of Wesleyan controversy, and see what a convenient figure the Devil cuts in them. I have before me a pamphlet entitled *Remarks on the 'Fly Sheets,'* which, as well as the publication it comments upon, are the productions of Methodist preachers of high standing.

in the Connexion. The author of the 'Remarks,' in speaking of the 'Fly Sheets,' says: 'They represent the leaders of the Connexion as selfish, usurping, unscrupulous, jesuitical, ambitious; and the great body of the preachers as meanly tame and basely subservient. They describe the actual government of the Connexion as a system of intrigue, duplicity, cruelty, tyranny, and corruption—unsurpassed in these foul attributes, by any other in existence.' This, that author thinks uncharitable. He says: 'it is one thing to *preach* brotherly love, and another thing to *practise* it;' speaking, no doubt, out of the fulness of his heart, as may be seen from the following quotations from his work (p. 3):—

'There is a regularly organized committee [*Fly Sheets*, No. 3, 'p. 37]. Of this committee the Devil of slander, as well as that of hypocrisy, may certainly be identified as members; though their *names*, like those of their co-members, may be a mystery. And Jesus asked him, saying, *What is thy name?* And he said, LEGION, because many devils were entered into him. And all the devils besought him.' 'Though they were devils they could pray! 'And what is it,' says Milton, 'that the blindness of hypocrisy dares not do? It dares pray; and thinks to hide that from the eye of God, which it cannot hide from the open view of man.'

'They [the authors of the *Fly Sheets*] are the accusers of the brethren. 'And I heard a loud voice saying in heaven, Now is

‘come salvation, and strength, and the kingdom of our God, and power of his Christ; for the accuser of our brethren is cast down, which accused them before our God day and night.’— (Rev. xii. 10.) ‘In the Liverpool Conference, 1847, Mr. Thomas said, We are told, that when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, Satan also was among them. But what should an angel of darkness do in heaven? He came there to *calumniate*; and his aspect and array were such, that even among the seraphims he passed for an angel of light; and it was only Omniscience that could detect the imposture. It is therefore no marvel that Satan should be present here, and that he should baffle our attempts to identify him. His skill in disguise is likely to prove greater than our ability in detection.’ To this it may be added, that the authors of the *Fly Sheets*, as if to make the parallel closer, conclude a bitter and calumnious attack on the character of the venerable Dr. Bunting, by asking, in reference to him, *the very question of Satan*, ‘Doth Job serve God for nought?—No. 1, p. 15.

To proceed: the first thing which made me enquire seriously about the Devil was, I thought him abused. I thought him bad enough, but I could not help fearing that people told lies about him. R. S——, a very zealous prayer-leader, stole some oats, and imputed the blame to the devil. T. C—— got drunk, and complained in the love-feast that the devil had been very busy with him for some time, and then took him in an unguarded moment. B. S—— was detected

in lying, and complained that Satan had gained the advantage over him; old G. White burnt his fingers in lighting his pipe, and declared that it was the devil that caused him to do it; and Farmer Dufty horsewhipped his wife, and said he did it to beat the devil out of her. This made me desirous to know what influence the devil really had, and I was stimulated to this enquiry by my friend Mr. Treleven assuring me that the devil was as necessary as the Almighty to the orthodox faith.

As the devil is fast becoming invisible, and seems destined in no long time to migrate to the 'Far West,' I shall not trouble the reader with many of the reasons why I did as my godfathers and godmothers promised I should—'renounce the devil and all his works.' The last thing that I read on this subject was a book by the Rev. Walter Scott, on the 'Existence of Evil Spirits,' which, out of respect for their supposed intellectual powers, I hope all spirits, good and evil, are ashamed of. This author wants to prove that God permits the devil to exist, and allows him to tempt us, in order to excite our watchfulness, and try our love to him. What a horrible doctrine! What should we think of that parent, who, to 'try' the love of his children, should blindfold them, and shut them up,

with a 'roaring lion;' and yet if one of these helpless little ones should fall into the power of the beast, whose approach it could not discern, the father should at once consider that child a *bad one*, and prolong its existence, that the monster might torment, yet not destroy, its victim. Barbarous and inhuman as we should consider the parent who could do this, yet this would be virtue itself compared to the character which men of the Rev. W. Scott's creed impute to our Heavenly Parent. They tell us that by eating the forbidden fruit, Adam sold all his posterity to the dominion of sin and Satan; and that man is 'born in sin and shapen in iniquity,' and in this helpless condition, is surrounded by the devil and his host, who are always tempting him to sin; whose purpose can never be fulfilled until they have dragged his soul to perdition; and that under these circumstances, God will prolong his existence, curse him with life that can never be extinguished, and render his redemption impossible. O the tender mercies of orthodox theology!

Having disposed of the devil, the doctrine of eternal torments came next under consideration.

'I know this is unpopular; I know  
'Tis blasphemous; I know one may be damned..  
For hoping no one else may ever be so.



I know my catechism       \*       \*       \*  
    \*       \*       \*

I hardly know too if not quite alone am I,  
 In this small hope of bittering human ill;  
 By circumscribing, with some slight restriction,  
 The eternity of hell's hot jurisdiction.'

This subject did not occupy my thoughts for any length of time, for I have so much charity as to believe that no human being can entertain this doctrine long, if serious reflection be employed on it. The conclusion to which I arrived on this subject is so well expressed by an orthodox writer,\* that I give his words in preference to my own.

'It appears to me that the teachers and believers of the orthodox doctrine hardly ever make an earnest, strenuous effort to form a conception of eternity; or rather a conception somewhat of the nature of a faint incipient approximation. Because it is confessedly beyond the compass of thought, it is suffered to go without an attempt at thinking of it. They utter the term in the easy currency of language; have a vague and transitory idea of something obscurely vast, and do not labour to place and detain the mind in intense protracted contemplation, seeking all expedients for expanding and aggravating the awful import of such a word.

'Expedients of illustration of what eternity is *not*, supply the best attainable means of assisting remotely toward a glimmering apprehension of what it *is*. All that is within human

\* The Rev. John Foster.

‘capacity is to imagine the vastest measures of *time*, and look  
 ‘to the termination of these as only touching the mere com-  
 ‘mencement of eternity.

‘For example : it has been suggested to imagine the number  
 ‘of particles, atoms, contained in this globe, and suppose them  
 ‘one by one annihilated, each in a thousand years, till all were  
 ‘gone ; but just as well say, a million, or a million of millions  
 ‘of years or ages, it is all the same, as against infinite duration.

‘Extend the thought of such a process to our whole mundane  
 ‘system, and finally to the whole material universe : it is still  
 ‘the same. Or, imagine a series of numerical figures, in close  
 ‘order, extended to a line of such a length that it would encircle  
 ‘the globe, like the equator—or that would run along with the  
 ‘earth’s orbit round the sun—or with the uttermost planet,  
 ‘Uranus—or that would draw a circle of which the radius should  
 ‘be from the earth to Sirius—or that should encompass the en-  
 ‘tire material universe, which, as being material, cannot be  
 ‘infinite. The most stupendous of these measures of *time* would  
 ‘have an end ; and would, when completed, be still *nothing to*  
 ‘*eternity*.

‘Now think of an infliction of misery protracted through  
 ‘such a period, and at the end of it being only *commencing*,—  
 ‘not one smallest step nearer a conclusion :—the case just the  
 ‘same if that sum of figures were multiplied by itself. And then  
 ‘think of *man*—his nature, his situation, the circumstances of  
 ‘his brief sojourn and trial on earth. Far be it from us to make  
 ‘light of the demerit of sin, and to remonstrate with the su-  
 ‘preme Judge against a severe chastisement, of whatever moral  
 ‘nature we may regard the infliction to be. But still, what is  
 ‘*man*?—He comes into the world with a nature fatally corrupt,

'and powerfully tending to actual evil. He comes among a  
 'crowd of temptations adapted to his innate evil propensities.  
 'He grows up (incomparably the greater proportion of the race)  
 'in great ignorance ; his judgment weak, and under numberless  
 'beguilements into error ; while his passions and appetites are  
 'strong ; his conscience unequally matched against their power ;  
 '—in the majority of men, but feebly and rudely constituted.  
 'The influence of whatever good instructions he may receive is  
 'counteracted by a combination of opposite influences almost  
 'constantly acting on him. He is essentially and inevitably un-  
 'apt to be powerfully acted on by what is invisible and future.

'Now, this creature, thus constituted and circumstanced,  
 'passes a few fleeting years on earth, a short sinful course : in  
 'which he does often what, notwithstanding his ignorance and  
 'ill-disciplined judgment and conscience, he knows to be wrong,  
 'and neglects what he knows to be his duty ; and consequently  
 'for a greater or less measure of guilt, widely different in differ-  
 'ent offenders, deserves punishment. But endless punishment !  
 'hopeless misery, through a duration to which the enormous  
 'terms above imagined, will be absolutely nothing ! I acknow-  
 'ledge my inability (I would say it reverently) to admit this  
 'belief, together with a belief in the divine goodness—the belief  
 'that 'God is love,' that his tender mercies are over all his  
 'works. Goodness, benevolence, charity, as ascribed in supreme  
 'perfection to him, cannot mean a quality foreign to all human  
 'conceptions of goodness ; it must be something analogous in  
 'principle to what himself has defined and required as goodness  
 'in his moral creatures, that, in adoring the divine goodness, we  
 'may not be worshipping an 'unknown God.' But if so, how  
 'would all our ideas be confounded, while contemplating him

'bringing, of his own sovereign will, a race of creatures into  
'existence, in such a condition that they certainly will and  
'must,—*must*, by their nature and circumstances, go wrong, and  
'be miserable unless prevented by especial grace,—which is the  
'privilege of only a small proportion of them, and at the same  
'time affixing on their delinquency a doom of which it is in-  
'finitely beyond the highest archangel's faculty to apprehend a  
'thousandth part of the horror.

'Can we—I would say with reverence—can we realize it as  
'possible that a lost soul, after countless millions of ages, and  
'in prospect of an interminable succession of such enormous  
'periods, can be made to have the conviction, absolute and per-  
'fect, that all this is a just, an equitable infliction, and from a  
'Power as *good* as he is just, for a few short sinful years on  
'earth—years and sins presumed to be retained most vividly in  
'memory, and everlastingly growing clearer, vaster, and more  
'terrible to retrospective view in their magnitude of infinite evil  
'—every stupendous period of duration, by which they have  
'actually been left at a distance, seeming to bring them, in  
'contrariety to all laws of memory, nearer and ever nearer  
'to view, by the continually aggravated experience of their  
'consequences?

'Yes, those twenty, forty, seventy years, growing up to in-  
'finity of horror in the review, in proportion to the distance  
'which the condemned spirit recedes from them;—all eternity  
'not sufficing to reveal fully what those years contained!—mil-  
'lions of ages for each single evil thought or word!

'Under the light (or the darkness) of this doctrine, how in-  
'conceivably mysterious and awful is the aspect of the whole  
economy of this human world! The immensely greater num-

‘ber of the race hitherto, through all ages and regions, passing  
 ‘a short life under no illuminating, transforming influence of  
 ‘their Creator; ninety-nine in a hundred of them, perhaps,  
 ‘having never even received any authenticated message from  
 ‘heaven; passing off the world in a state unfit for a spiritual,  
 ‘heavenly, and happy kingdom elsewhere; and all destined to  
 ‘everlasting misery. The thoughtful spirit has a question  
 ‘silently suggested to it of far more emphatic import than that  
 ‘of him who exclaimed, ‘Hast thou made all men *in vain*?’

‘A number (not large, but of great piety and intelligence) of  
 ‘ministers within my acquaintance, several now dead, have been  
 ‘disbelievers of the doctrine in question; at the same time not  
 ‘feeling themselves imperatively called upon to make a public  
 ‘disavowal.’\*


\* A reason for this reservation may be found in such cases as the following, which we take from the *Bristol Times*:—It appears that Mr. Ham, forgetting the wise adage ‘the least said is soonest mended,’ has been giving a series of lectures at Lodge-street in some of which he intimated, as we understand, that there was no hell—that the righteous went to a place of celestial bliss; but that utter extinction (not palpable punishment in a place of fire and brimstone) was the fate of the wicked. His congregation was startled at the novelty of the speculation, and offended at a dogma so adverse to long received opinions. The notion is not altogether new; but hell, the place of fire and brimstone as popularly received and believed, is one of those ‘vested interests,’ as some one called it, which the public will never allow a rash speculator in doctrines to interfere in with impunity. Mr. Ham has felt this already: the great majority of his hearers are for ‘hell,’ and against the lecturer; a few are for the latter, but the bulk are naturally believers in fire and brimstone; and holding that the pulpit in Lodge-street is an appanage to the bottomless pit—or rather to the doctrine of the bottomless pit—insist that they always go together, and that since Mr. Ham has abandoned the one he is bound to surrender the other

## CHAPTER XVII.

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### MY EXPERIENCE CONTINUED.

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 SPENT the summer of 1841 in London. I had been about two years in 'Doubting Castle,' and although 'giant despair' had not quite beaten me to death, he had nevertheless inflicted many severe wounds. I had, as the reader will have perceived, pulled my theology to pieces. It was the time of *breaking down*, and I had not yet got a foundation on which to *build up*. Instinctively revolting from the tyranny of sects, I had separated myself from all communion with them, and thus stood alone to meditate.

Nothing disgusted me so much while in London, as the selfishness and infidelity which everywhere prevailed. I had good opportunities of observing the conduct and judging of the motives of men; and in



every class and profession this sceptical feeling appeared the most predominant. By infidelity, however, I do not wish to be understood as meaning the disbelieving in any particular doctrines. It was a universal scepticism, a moral death. The heart seemed to throb in ice, and the whole being absorbed in its own gratification. There was a blindness to all the higher qualities and objects of the soul. The present appeared to be the only recognized period of existence, self the only being worthy of regard, senses the only faculties which required satisfaction. This was bad enough, but it was without; within I was suffering all the agonies which the most perplexing theological questions could engender. The all-important question of the disposition and purposes of God, was continually uppermost in my mind. Often have I left the gay and active scenes of London to retire into my room, there to think and pray over the difficulties which so heavily oppressed me.

Among the theological notions which I had been in the habit of asserting, was the idea that *God is good*; but when I came to admit it as a *fact* in my meditations, it rent my theology to atoms, and rendered it such a chaos of contradictions and absurdities, that the reader will forgive me if I repeat the offensive tale.

God—of course Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—decreed to make man, and make him perfect. Having to contend, however, with a certain Fatality, which God seems obliged to respect, he allowed the first man to ruin himself and all his posterity. This fall was the consequence of another failure in God's still nobler work—the angels. Here arose a wonderful difficulty. God (it seems, the Father,—though Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are only *one* God,) could pardon neither Adam nor any of his descendants, unless He (God) received payment, a ransom in blood of infinite value. The value of blood, except to the being whose life depends upon it, is not easy to determine. In this point of view, every individual's blood is of infinite value to himself, but not to others. God must therefore have his own blood as a ransom for man—but God has no blood. Here, however, an *admirable* contrivance—so it was called—was resorted to. Let God be made Man, and He will have blood: let him then shed his blood, as a sacrifice to himself, and He will have the infinite price required. Now, owing to some mysterious difficulty, the Triune God could not become man; and yet it is not easy to say how, without dividing the Deity, this acquisition of blood, and its surrender, could take place. The *Son*, nevertheless, was the appointed vic-

tim. He became man, without ceasing to be God, *i. e.* he became finite, without ceasing to be infinite; weak, without ceasing to be omnipotent; and so on. In this state he died at the hands of men. This *Deicide*, however, reconciled Deity with the offending race; the blood of God, his Son, became a most acceptable sacrifice to the Father; so that, for the sake of that blood, the Triune God is willing to forget and forgive not only the guilt of Adam, but the individual offences of his descendants.\*

So strangely art Thou, my God, misrepresented to thy rational creatures! It is said that thy mercy could not act, unless the most holy and innocent Being fell a sacrifice to thy justice. Nothing but an act of the greatest *injustice* enable Thee to be merciful! Divine justice must be satisfied—it must have suffering. ‘Blood, blood, blood is its cry.’ Such justice would be a fit attribute of that Evil Being who lurks, as it were,

\* Many traces of ignorance and false philosophy betray the human origin of these pretended revelations; but nothing proves this so clearly to me as the constant confusion of *moral* and *physical* objects which is found in these theories. So in original sin, moral guilt corrupts the physical nature of man; in the method of redemption, physical blood washes away sin. But this mixture is no where more evident than in the myth of the Incarnation. Nature is almost upset in order to avoid a supposed physical impossibility. The Pope, however, is about to settle this important question, and we patiently await his Holiness’s decision.

behind the scenes in this tragedy. And indeed it is more intelligible that the *natural* claims of this Evil Being should compel the Good One to such a sacrifice, than that the only God should be compelled to sacrifice his own Deity, made man, to himself. And yet this is the great mystery of Love for a multitude of Christians! That thy innocent Son died a cruel death, is their greatest comfort and delight. His blood washes out their sins: by that blood they are rescued from the flames of hell! Oh, vileness! oh, gross selfishness!—to be in raptures because an innocent person has suffered death for them!

But even if this disregard for everything except personal safety, were excusable, with what feelings must they look upon that Deity, or person of the Deity, whose nature is the cause of this dreadful sacrifice! To the Father is this fatal sacrifice attributed: the Holy Ghost remains without a distinct employment in this drama. But if the nature of the Father is such, how can he continue an object—I will not say of *love*,—but of reverence, to the believers in this narrative? No: all they can feel towards the Head and Fountain of the Deity (as the Father is called) is fear: glad indeed do such people feel that they have the Son to fly to for protection. So indeed it must be: for it is evi-

dent that, in this horrid mythology, such minds as venture to seek for distinctness, waver between the Father and the Evil Principle, when they attempt to explain the *necessity* of the sacrifice.\*

I was distracted with thoughts of this kind for some time, when finding myself becoming ill, I was obliged to leave divinity for physic.

Nothing struck me as being so singular as the great similarity between the doctors of divinity and physic. I had been under the care of the former until my soul was nearly drugged to death with idle nostrums of divinity, of which, in my simplicity, I had taken so many, that one was warring with the other and driving every grain of common sense out of my head; and when I came to the men skilled in the mystery of medicine, I found that they knew just as much about my body as the others did about my soul. I went to three eminent men, who each told me a different story as to the nature of my complaint. 'It is a rupture,' said Dr. E—— 'It is an enlarged gland,' said Dr. B——. 'It is a formation of water,' said Dr. W——. And when a fourth pierced it with a needle, it was pronounced a chronic abscess. I was now subjected to a painful surgical operation, which left me so weak and wretched, that I despaired of ever recovering.

\* J. Blanco White.

I now began to think of death, but it had no terrors. I had done the best I knew, without guile or hypocrisy; and having a conscience void of offence both towards God and man, though willing to live, I was not afraid to die. My thoughts turned back to my childhood. I called to mind the sports of my juvenile days, and all the simple and happy associations of my first sweet home. I followed again the sacred remains of my lovely and virtuous sister to the silent grave—I stood by the death-bed of my mother, heard once more her dying admonition, and felt ready to follow her.

It will shock the purely orthodox reader, when I tell him, that at this period when I expected that the next time I closed my eyes it would be in death, that not only was my conviction of the falsehood of the orthodox faith unshaken, but that I refused to have any of the Methodists to pray with me. When this was proposed to me, I replied, ‘I have lived in all good conscience before God, have given my mite to what I believed to be his service, and to him alone I commend my spirit; I need no intercessors, and can bear no excitement.’

This made me resolve to add one more to my many efforts to compose verses, and I dedicated an ode to the place of my birth. There was nothing in it which



would warrant my inserting it here ; I shall, therefore, give only the last stanza :—

‘And, oh ! may I heaven implore,  
 To grant me one humble request,  
 That when to the world I’m no more,  
 My frame with my mother’s may rest.  
 There, there let the worms eat my flesh,  
 And earth take her child to her care ;  
 And ’till rais’d into being afresh,  
 May I have my resting-place there.’

There, said I, my brothers will take that as my last legacy ; but then, O God, my wife and child. No ! I cannot die ; and saying this, I lay down in the bed and wept bitterly. This greatly exhausted me, and I fell into a deep sleep, from which I awoke greatly refreshed and with much less pain ; and in the course of a few days I returned to my own house.

I had been at home about a week, and was lying in bed one morning, my theological notions still hanging heavily on my mind, when suddenly, as if by some light from heaven, I perceived that God was good ; that it was nothing more than a theological *ignis fatuus* which some hair-brained priests had imposed upon the world, that had caused me so much trouble and perplexity. Archimedes never felt more rapture when he

solved his problem, than I did now. I cried out in ecstasies, 'My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. O praise the Lord, for he is good.' The idea that God poured out his vengeance upon his beloved son in whom he was always well pleased, vanished 'like the baseless fabric of a vision,' and the horrible and unnatural blasphemy of an eternal hell followed in its train. I felt my heart expand with love to God and man, and was unspeakably happy.

I feel it exceedingly difficult now, to give any idea of the state of my feelings at that time. My ecstasies at these discoveries did not readily subside; but as I began to reflect, I could scarcely contain my hatred of those dogmas which had caused me so much suffering. I felt as though they were the most horrible and unnatural blasphemies that ever were uttered; I felt as though hell itself, if it had been as foul and wicked as it was represented to be, could have poured out nothing half so black and disgusting. My soul was stirred from its lowest depths, my heart beat and bounded with the deepest detestation; I wished, I prayed, I wept, for talent and learning and power to shake to the very foundation the accursed system; nay, I would have died a martyr, and sunk quietly into the grave,

if I could but have pulled down the Augean stable of orthodoxy along with me. But I buried these thoughts in the depths of my heart, and went calmly along the world, knowing my weakness, but resolved to strike as hard as I could whenever an opportunity offered.

The new impulse given to my feelings communicated itself to my whole being; it gave new life and elasticity to all my powers; and although I was weak and meagre from long-continued illness and depression, I was so happy, that I do not remember to have felt the least ill effect from all that I had suffered. The old buoyancy of heart, which years before had elevated and borne me up, seemed to return. My soul had been so long caged up in Methodism, that no slave ever felt greater joy from his deliverance than I did. My heart had beat by the old Methodist guage so long, that when the icy casing was thawed, and it throbbed for the whole human race, I felt myself a new man, and, weak as I was, I believe I did more work than I possibly could have accomplished before my deliverance.

I now set about examining my theological notions in real earnest, and with a very different feeling from what I formerly had. I was no longer the dumb, stupid, straight-faced fanatic—

‘Poor imps ! unhappy if they can’t be curs’d’—

but, with reason and hope as my shield and buckler, I entered afresh on my task, with the resolution of a man determined to work out his own salvation.

I had, while in London, given up the doctrine of Justification by Faith alone. I heard a minister preach on the subject, and thinking that the great importance which he attached to the doctrine was not warranted by Scripture, I was led to examine the question; and was surprised to find that in all the New Testament there was not one passage that spoke of the merits of Christ, and only one in which anything of the sort was implied, and even *that* a wrong translation. Dr. Conquest affords a rich example of the manner in which orthodox divines talk about this doctrine. Speaking of the Bible, he says: 'It stands as an impregnable bulwark against the attacks of those who would weaken or destroy the cardinal doctrine of Justification by Faith alone in the propitiatory sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ.' And yet, strange to say, it never once mentions this 'cardinal doctrine'! What a pity that the Doctor, who has made twenty thousand emendations in the Bible, could not have mended it in this respect!

I may mention here that I had a great many of my Methodist friends to reprove, rebuke, and exhort, and

by all means, both kind and unkind, to bring me back to the faith. To enter into a detail of these conversations would be both tedious and useless: I shall, therefore, give one letter to show the kind of correspondence which I had then to conduct; and with this letter, and my reply, shall close this part of my pilgrimage.

‘ August 16th, 184 .

‘ My Dear Brother,

‘ My soul feels deeply on your account. You once professed to be a true believer in Trinitarian doctrine; but now  
 ‘ the pure gold is mixed with filthy dross; the glory is departed;  
 ‘ and the victory is gained on the part of the enemy, Satan (whose  
 ‘ existence you deny) triumphing over you with hellish victory;  
 ‘ and, without a speedy reformation, will bind you down to the  
 ‘ dark scenes of hellish gloom. O man, shudder! tremble! Thy  
 ‘ death is sure—thy damnation is just. My words are heavy,  
 ‘ but your crimes are great. You deny the Lord that bought  
 ‘ you, and the Spirit that is promised as the Comforter. Oh, my  
 ‘ brother, if I could write in letters of fire, and with a pen of  
 ‘ iron, I would inscribe in legible characters—

‘ The Unitarian fiend expel,

‘ And chase his doctrine back to hell.’

‘ Brother ———, read your Bible more, with an unprejudiced  
 ‘ mind, and pray for divine light. Remember that thousands  
 ‘ have sacrificed their blood to maintain the faith that you deny.  
 ‘ Smithfield’s martyrs all believed in God the Father, God the  
 ‘ Son, and God the Holy Ghost; and they proved that the work  
 ‘ of faith, evidenced in them by such faith, was a divine reality.

‘ O man, don’t trifle with eternal matters. You know the truth,  
 ‘ but the truth you deny. Oh, my brother; the day of decision  
 ‘ is coming, when you and I shall stand together before the bar  
 ‘ of God, where the secrets of all hearts shall be discovered by  
 ‘ Jesus Christ, whose Godhead you deny. Do you believe this?  
 ‘ Oh ! do tremble before God. Though you deny the truth be-  
 ‘ fore men, you cannot before God. My friend, I feel for you :  
 ‘ your example will do a great deal of injury—to your family, to  
 ‘ your friends—the men of the world, and of the pure Christian  
 ‘ church. I know you would feel reluctant to meet your con-  
 ‘ verts in the day of account. But, my dear friend, do let con-  
 ‘ science speak : conscience will tell the truth. Make self-denial.  
 ‘ Show to the world your ignorance, error, and sin. Confess the  
 ‘ same before God ; and pray if perhaps the thoughts of your  
 ‘ heart may be forgiven you.

‘ I do not argue, but expostulate. Forgive my liberty, and  
 ‘ write to me again.

‘ Yours truly,

‘ G—— P——.’

‘ Dear Mr. P——,

‘ Yours of the 16th came duly to hand, and I take the  
 ‘ first opportunity of replying. I am sorry to find that you are  
 ‘ what I once was myself, when I grovelled among the sepul-  
 ‘ chres of tradition—had a faith without reason, and a religion  
 ‘ without love ;—when I wished, like you, to write in letters of  
 ‘ fire and with a pen of iron ; and held up the scarecrow ghost  
 ‘ of a Devil, and the idle tales of eternal burnings, as a bugbear  
 ‘ to frighten those whom I had neither Scripture nor reason to  
 ‘ convince. But when I was a child I thought as a child, I spake  
 ‘ as a child, I understood as a child ; it was then the twilight of



‘my religious knowledge, and I worshipped the phantoms received by tradition from the fathers. But when I became a man I put away childish things.

‘You ask me to read the Bible with an unprejudiced mind: I hope I have done so—at least I have read it; and will you have the kindness to answer me the following questions respecting it:—

‘1. If the doctrine of the Trinity be a doctrine of the Bible, why is it no where mentioned in it? there being nothing said about Persons in the Godhead, the Trinity, God the Son, or God the Holy Ghost?

‘2. In what part of the Bible are you commanded to worship God the Son, or God the Holy Ghost? and are you not guilty of idolatry in worshipping either, since the Son said, ‘Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve?

‘3. If God had intended that I should believe in a Trinity of Persons in the Godhead, would He not have clearly revealed it in some part of the Bible or other; and not have left it to be inferred from a few ambiguous phrases, most of which have been forged by the Trinitarian?

‘4. Why do the Scriptures uniformly teach us that the Father is God ALONE, omitting the Son and Holy Ghost?

‘I hope that, ‘when you have read your Bible more with an unprejudiced mind, and prayed for divine light,’ you will answer these questions. You want me to ‘stop and tremble:’ I did pause—I cannot tremble; but think—

‘1st. That God never made you a judge as to whether ‘my crimes are great, and my damnation sure.’

‘2nd. That had you ‘read your Bible more, with an unpre-

‘judiced mind, and prayed for divine light,’ as you advise me  
 ‘to do, you would have more love and less fear and trembling;  
 ‘and would perhaps have learned the meaning of that precept:  
 ‘Judge not, that ye be not judged : for with what measure ye  
 ‘mete, it shall be measured to you again.’

‘3rd. That I hope to meet all my converts in heaven ; and  
 ‘shall feel all the more glad if my friend Mr. P—— be one of  
 ‘that number ; and not only those, but all my persecutors and  
 ‘slanderers, with the wise and good of all ages.

‘You tell me to remember that the martyrs of Smithfield were  
 ‘all Trinitarians. So were their murderers ; and until Trinita-  
 ‘rianism produces something better than curses and persecution,  
 ‘I shall not be disposed to return to it. That those have been  
 ‘its fruits hitherto, is clear from the history of the Church. The  
 ‘Romish Church was drunk with the blood of the saints, and  
 ‘did it all in the name of the ‘holy and blessed Trinity.’ The  
 ‘Protestants followed in her footsteps ; and even Calvin, with  
 ‘all his orthodoxy, burnt his tried friend for being a Unit-  
 ‘arian. My exhortation is, Come out from among them, that ye  
 ‘be not partakers of their sins.

‘You say, you ‘do not argue, but expostulate.’ Will you be  
 ‘so kind as to give me some arguments in your next. I do not  
 ‘wish to expostulate, but to argue. I give you every opportunity  
 ‘which you can possibly desire to convert me to you faith—if  
 ‘you have either Scripture or reason to do it with. No threats  
 ‘of hell will alarm me ; but I am open to conviction. If you  
 ‘think me in danger, launch your life-boat ; and if I cannot con-  
 ‘quer the storm, you shall save me. ‘And now abideth faith,  
 ‘hope, and charity, but the greatest of these is charity.’

‘Yours, etc.,

‘THE PILGRIM.’

## CHAPTER XVIII.

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### THE CONCLUSION OF THE WHOLE MATTER.

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**H**AVING thus come out of Sectarianism, and having entirely demolished the temple of orthodoxy, I had to begin my pilgrimage anew, to look for a wider and more certain basis on which to rest my hopes, and to seek a theology more in accordance with the principles of humanity and love of God. Nor did I seek in vain. When I went out a free man before God, to meditate on his beneficence, I first felt the higher and holier inspirations of religion. I was not a Jew outwardly, but I was one inwardly; not in the letter, but in the spirit. And when I asked, where shall wisdom be found, and where is the place of understanding? the deep blue vault of heaven said, It is in me; and the stars said, It

is in us. Day unto day uttered speech, night unto night gave forth knowledge. I had lost the uncertain light of authority and tradition, but I had found the light of God. I had lost my dogmatism, but had found a universal philanthropy, and I turned from contemplating the darkness and horror of an eternal hell, to meditations on a future life of progressive bliss, and the goodness of God, who counts the hairs of every head.

Having thus opened my mind to the reception of higher and holier truths, light began to dawn on many things which before had been impenetrably dark. I had, as George Fox says, 'great openings on divers subjects,' some of which I shall set down.

For the preceding two years no subject had perplexed me so much as the *inspiration* of the scriptures, and not the less so that this inspiration was claimed for the vilest as well as the holiest thoughts and deeds—war, rapine, treason, and treachery, being all sanctioned by a 'thus saith the Lord.'

I now discovered that at the time when the scriptures were written, the expressions, 'Thus saith the Lord,' 'The Lord spake,' etc., were almost universally prevalent among Eastern nations, and employed to express the revolution of thought. These nations appear

to have believed that their thoughts were given by inspiration, or *breathed* into them by God ; hence it became a universal expression among the prophetic writers, that the Lord spake unto them—constructed plans—instituted questions—suggested signs, etc. ; for these they supposed to come by direct influx from the divine mind. As thought in all minds must have been generated by the same process, it follows that they used the term ‘ Lord ’ in the same sense in which I use the term ‘ impression.’

This led me to a higher, nobler, and more extensive view of inspiration, and to the discovery that it is limited to no sect, age, or nation. It is wide as the world, and common as God. It is not given to a few men in the infancy of mankind to monopolize inspiration, and bar God out of the soul. You and I were not born in the dotage and decay of the world. The stars are beautiful as in their prime. God is still everywhere in nature—at the line, the pole, in a mountain or a moss, wherever a heart beats with love—where faith and reason utter their oracles, there also is God, as formerly in the hearts of seers and prophets. Neither is Gerizim or Jerusalem, nor the ground which Jesus trod, so holy as the good man’s heart. Nothing is so full of God. This inspiration is not given to the

learned alone, nor to the great and wise, but to every faithful child of God. The world is close to the body; God closer to the soul; not only without but within, for the all-pervading essence flows into each. Certain as the open eye drinks in the light, do the pure in heart see God; and he that lives truly, feels him as a presence not to be put by.

The wisest and holiest men have all spoken in the name of God. Menu, Moses, Zoroaster, Confucius, Numa, Mahomet, profess to have received their doctrines straight from him. They believed in the truth, and the truth made them free; and through faith in the truth they endured, as seeing him who is invisible. A man of this kind comes to bring peace, but he must kindle a fire, and his soul is strengthened until his work is done. Elisha must leave his oxen in the furrow; Amos desert his summer fruit and his friend; and Böhme, and Bunyan, and Fox, and a thousand others, stout-hearted and God-inspired, must go forth into the faithless world to accept the prophets' mission, be stoned, hated, scourged, slain. Resistance is nothing to these men; over them steel loses its power, and public approbation its shame; deadly things do not harm them; they count loss, gain; shame, glory; death, triumph. The priest and the Levite war with



the prophet, and do him to death. They brand his name with infamy; cast his unburied bones into the Gehenna of popular shame. John the Baptist must leave his head on a charger; Socrates died by poison; Jesus be nailed to the cross; and Justin, Huss, Jerome, of Prague, and millions of hearts stout as these and as full of God, must mix their last prayers, their admonition and farewell blessing, with the crackling snap of faggots, the hiss of quivering flesh, the impotent tears of wife and child, and the mad roar of the exulting crowd. Every path where mortal feet now tread secure, has been beaten out of the hard flint by prophets and holy men who went before us with bare and bleeding feet, to smooth the way for our reluctant tread. It is the blood of prophets that softens the Alpine rock; their bones are scattered in all the high places of mankind. Seeing this crowd of witnesses, I felt the spirit urging me to do battle for God against the Scribes and Pharisees of the present day, and thus rose to a higher, active, spiritual life.

And religion, pure and undefiled before God our Father, which enabled them to do this, became more excellent in my estimation. It is the pillar and ground of truth. It is the still small voice of God, amidst the storms and thunders of human passions. The

light shining in the darkness of ignorance, fanaticism, and folly, calling men from the vengeance of idols to the love of God, for the barbarism which degrades us as a nation has been created in the face of idols, and that which has been created before idols must disappear before God.

It is in the face of idols that the powerful have created their dominion over the weak, and divided men into two species : the noble and the ignoble.

It is in the face of idols that the ambitious have given themselves up to the lash, to fasting and celibacy, in order to obtain riches and power.

It is in the face of idols that barbarous hordes prostrate themselves for the first time after a battle, to render thanks to heaven for the blood which they have shed.

Cæsar could order fifteen days thanksgiving in the temples of the gods of Rome, after having exterminated the Gauls, and sold by auction the inhabitants of Namur, who, according to the statement presented to the senate, amounted to fifty-three thousand persons. This we can conceive, for he prayed before idols.

They still dare do it, do you say? Yes; but are you not surprised that they should dare; and do you not mark that they do it without glory? Nay, they can no

longer dare it without shame. Look at Poland, and ask the world if one single voice of admiration responded to the ferocious cries of the conquerors. The barbarians. They heard but the groans of Europe ; and while three kings divided among themselves, like robbers, the bloody members of the body, all the people who believed in God were alarmed at their impiety.\*

In looking back over my pilgrimage, I found that I began in FEAR BEFORE God, and had constantly presented to my mind a Deity capricious, cruel, revengeful, lying in wait for the unwary ; a God ugly, morose, and only to be feared ; and I paid him service accordingly, living night and day in fear and dread. I thought he demanded abstinence from all the sensual goods of life. Pleasure was a godless thing ; the flesh was damned. To serve God I mortified the appetites God gave ; to be good, I thought it necessary to be thin, spare, solemn. Beyond a straight face, I did not mutilate the body, but I mutilated my soul. I thought against reason, decided against conscience, and acted against love. I called reason a liar, conscience a devil-oracle, and *love* was cast out of my heart by *fear*. Life was darkness and despair ; the world a desert ; man a worm ; and God an ugly fiend, who made the mass

\* Martin.

of men for utter wretchedness, death, and eternal hell. Alas for that time! I was blind and saw not. Let charity hide it.

The next feeling which was developed in me was HATRED BEFORE GOD. I hated the Mahometans, and believed that God would damn them. I hated the Catholics, and believed that he who opposed and persecuted them did God service. All who were unconverted, I believed would be eternally lost; and all who were converted, if it were not done after our fashion, were very unsafe. In short, I had with the most perfect satisfaction damned all the world, except a few Methodists, and then thanked God that I was not as other men.

These two morbid states, just hinted at, represent the worst forms of human degradation. In man there is a mixture of good and evil: 'a being darkly wise, and rudely great.' He has in him something of the angel, and something of the devil:—in fanaticism the angel sleeps and the devil drives. But let us leave the hateful theme.

After years of mental suffering, the reader will perceive that I attained another state, which was LOVE BEFORE GOD. It was not merely a state of happiness, but a state of transmutation. I was born again from

superstition and fanaticism into a new state of being. God was a God of Love, within whose circling arms all was beauty and delight; and everything was sanctified because it was his. My labour was as holy as the most devout prayers; my daily bread, as the eucharist; my home as sacred as the temple; and my work-day and sabbath alike. My priest was the holy spirit within; and faith and works, communion of both kinds. Cast out from all sects, I was not dismayed: forsaken, I was never less alone: rejoicing in tribulation, I had joy and peace in the Holy Spirit.

No doubt there is joy in the success of earthly schemes. There is joy to the miser as he satiates his prurient palm with gold: there is joy to the fool of fortune when his gaming brings a prize. But what is it? His request is granted; but leanness enters his soul. There is a delight in feasting on the bounties of the earth, the garment in which God veils the brightness of his face; in being filled with the fragrant loveliness of flowers, the song of birds, the hum of bees, the sound of ocean; the rustle of summer winds heard at evening in the pine tops; in the cool of running brooks; in the majestic sweep of undulating hills; the grandeur of untamed forests; the majesty of the mountain; in the morning's virgin beauty; in the ma-

ternal grace of evening; and the sublime and majestic pomp of night—Nature's silent sympathy, how beautiful it is!

There is joy—no doubt there is joy—to the mind of genius, when thought bursts in him, like the tropical sun rending a cloud: when long trains of ideas sweep through his soul, like constellated orbs before an angel's eye; when sublime thoughts and burning words rush to the heart; when Nature unveils her secret truth, and some great law breaks all at once upon a Newton's mind, and Chaos ends in light; when the hour of his inspiration and the joy of his genius is on him:—'tis then that the child of heaven feels a Godlike delight—'tis sympathy with truth.

There is a higher and more tranquil bliss, when heart communes with heart; when two souls unite in one, like meeting dew drops on a rose, that scarcely touch the flower, but mirror the heavens in their little orbs; when perfect love transforms two souls, either man's or woman's, each to the other's image; when one heart beats in two bosoms—one spirit speaks with a divided tongue; when the same soul is eloquent in mute eyes:—there is rapture, deep, serene, heartfelt, and abiding, in this mysterious fellow-feeling with a congenial soul, which puts to shame the cold sympathy



of nature, and the ecstatic but short-lived bliss of genius in his high and burning hour.

But the joy of religion is more than each and all of these. The glad reliance that comes upon the man; the sense of trust; a rest with God; the soul's exceeding peace; the universal harmony; the Infinite within; sympathy with the soul of ALL—is bliss words cannot pourtray. He only knows who feels: the speech of a prophet cannot tell the tale—no, not if a seraph touched his lips with fire. In the high hour of religious visitation from the living God, there seems to be no separate thought: the tide of universal life sets through the soul. The thought of self is gone: it is a little accident to be a king or a clown, a parent or a child: man is one with God, and He is All in All. Neither the loveliness of nature, the joys of genius, nor the sweet breathing of congenial hearts, that make delicious music as they beat;—neither one nor all of these can equal the joy of the religious soul that is at one with God, so full of peace that prayer is needless. This deeper joy gives an added charm to the former blessings: nature undergoes a new transformation. A story is told that when the rising sun fell on Memnon's statue, it wakened music in that breast of stone. Religion does the same with nature. From the

shining snake to the waterfall it is all eloquent of God. As to St. John in the Apocalypse there stood an angel in the sun, the seraphim hang over every flower; God speaks in every little grass that fringes a mountain rock. Then even genius is wedded to a greater bliss: his thoughts shine more brilliant when set in the light of religion. Friendship and Love it renders infinite: the man loves God when he best loves his friend. This is the joy religion gives—its perennial rest—its everlasting bliss.

The conclusion of all that I have said is: THE SOUL IS GREATER THAN THE CHURCHES. Religion, as reason, is of God: Christianity—the absolute religion, and therefore eternal—based on God alone. All churches (or sects), Catholic and Protestant, are of man, and therefore transient. The churches are a human affair, quite as much as the state. The divine right of kings to bear sway over the body, and the divine right of the churches to rule over the soul, both rest on the same foundation—a LIE.\*

Jesus fell back on God—the truth its own authority, his works their witness. The early Christians fell back

\* I am indebted to 'Parker's Discourse on Matters pertaining to Religion,' for much of this chapter; but from the manner in which I was obliged to quote him, could not mark the quotations in the usual manner.

on the authority of Jesus ; their successors on the Bible, the work of the prophets and apostles ; the next generation on the Church, the work of the apostles and fathers. I have retreated from this ground. Protestantism delivered me from the tyranny of sects, and carried me back to the Bible. Biblical criticism freed me from the thralldom of the Scriptures, and brought me to the authority of Jesus. Philosophical spiritualism liberated me from all finite authority, and restored me to God, the primeval fountain of all LIGHT, GOODNESS, LOVE.

‘ IN THE NAME OF THE MOST MERCIFUL GOD !

‘ Praise be unto God, the Lord of all creatures ; the most merciful, the King of the whole universe ! Thee do we worship, and of Thee do we beg assistance. Direct us in the right way ; in the way of those to whom Thou hast been gracious ; not of those who are deceived, nor of those who go astray.’—*Koran*, ch. i.

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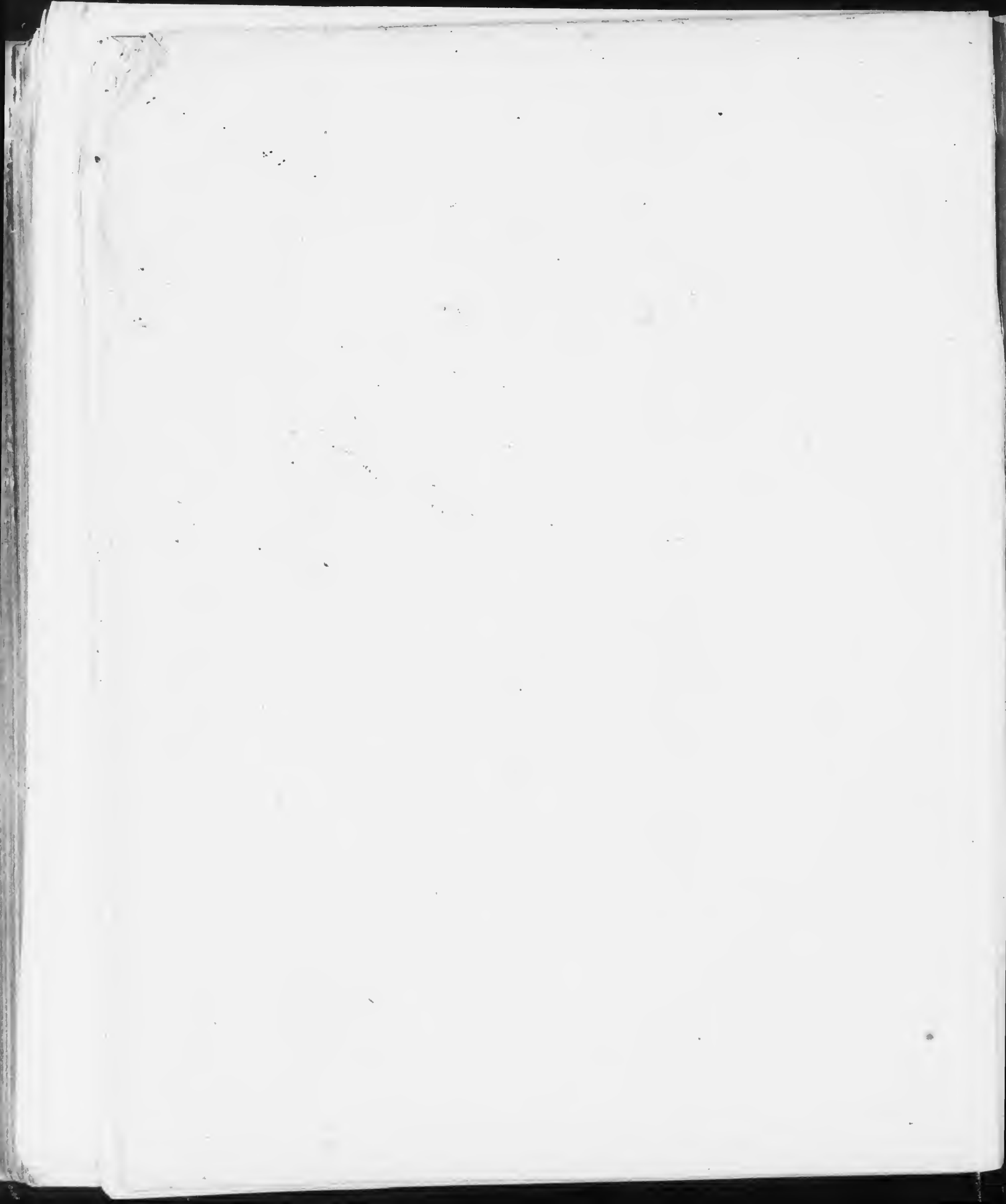
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**EMORY UNIVERSITY**

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I. Library open for reading 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.

II. Library open for circulation 2 P. M. to 10 P. M.

III. Books may be kept out for two weeks.

IV. A fine of two cents per day shall be paid for each book kept over-time.